# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XIX. NO. 4. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1858. WHOLE NO. 940.

**National Anti-Slavery Standard.**

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

*MERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY*,

*At its Office*, 138 *Nassau St., New York*,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

107 *North Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

RATE OF ADVERTISING, 10 cents per line each insertion.

## Pro-Slavery.

### *PURSUIT AND RECOVERY OF FUGITIVE SLAVES.*

From The Petersburg (Va.) Express.

PURSUIT AND CAPTURE OF A KIDNAPPING SCHOONER—FIVE REFUGEE SLAVES RECOVERED—INTENSE EXCITEMENT.—Our city was yesterday evening the theatre of the most intensely exciting event that has ever transpired within its limits from the earliest to the latest period of its history. The furore was produced by the return of the schooner "Keziah," Capt. Wm. B. Baylis, of Brandywine, Delaware, with five refugee slaves on board, under the convoy of the steam-tug "W. W. Townes," which had been despatched from City Point in pursuit at 12 m., with officer Daniel Butts, who was clothed with all the necessary power to carry out the requirements of the case.

We will endeavor to give the circumstances attending the affair as minutely and briefly as possible. On Sunday morning it was discovered by Col. T. W. Epes, proprietor of Powell's Hotel, that two of his slaves, Sarah and Gilbert, had decamped. At the same time it was found that John Bull, slave of Andrew Kevan, Esq., was also missing; and, later, that Joseph Mayo, slave of O. P. Hare, Esq., and William, belonging to Oliver Hamilton, Esq., were likewise away from duty at their respective homes, and not to be accounted for. The police were early informed of the matter, and on the morning of Sunday investigations were immediately but cautiously proceeded with. John Bull had been seen loitering about the city wharf on Saturday evening, about 8 o'clock, a short time after which the "Keziah" weighed anchor and dropped down below the planing mill. Her destination was Newport, Del., with twelve hundred bushels of wheat from Messrs. Thos. Branch & Sons, of this city. The "Keziah" had a bad reputation, its former captain, brother to the present, having been suspected of tampering with slaves, at this port, two years since, and ordered never to appear at our wharves again. The suspicion thus excited was made the groundwork for operations.

On Sunday the motions of the craft were studiously watched, but everything appeared quite unindicative of guilt, and she was permitted to pass down the river without interference.

Yesterday morning, however, officer Peterson was despatched to Norfolk, on the steamer "Curtis Peck," with instructions to be on the *qui vive*. At a late hour in the day, Andrew Kevan, Esq., owner of the boy John Bull, made affidavit before the Mayor that he believed his boy to have been carried off in the schooner "Keziah," and succeeded thereupon in obtaining a search warrant, and the services of Capt. Butts. Messrs. John Kevan, Henry Pannill, and Col. Thomas W. Epes, also accompanied Capt. Butts, of the police.

At 12 o'clock the parties left for City Point, by the Southside Railroad, having previously chartered the "W. W. Townes," which was then lying at that place. A despatch had also been sent to Norfolk, a steamer chartered and sent up the river to detain the schooner in case it should be met before being overtaken by the "Townes." At City Point the company was joined by Mr. J. S. Calwell, of this city, and Capt. Cook, of the Point.

The steamer being in readiness, the pursuit was commenced, and after little more than one hour's running, the suspected vessel appeared in sight, and making way under full sail at her best speed. The steamer overhauled her in Minge's Reach, about twenty-six miles below the Point, when officer Butts and the party immediately went aboard, and, after considerable difficulty, succeeded first in finding the woman stowed away in the midst of a lot of bacon, under the cabin floor, and dressed in male attire. The four men were afterwards found in the hold, secreted in the wheat, the captain and mate still persisting, upon each one being discovered, that there were none others on board, the negroes following the same rule with regard to their companions, all being found one by one.

The captain and mate comprised the whole crew, and vehemently denied, upon being boarded, that there were any slaves or any persons but themselves in the vessel. The schooner was forthwith taken in tow, the captain and second mate, J. Simpkins, secured, together with the refugees, and all placed on board the steamer.

Arriving at City Point, a despatch reached the city conveying the gratifying intelligence of the seizure of the schooner, and stating that the steamer, schooner, crew and refugees would arrive at 6 p. m.

As soon as this became known, which was not until five in the afternoon, crowds began to flock upon the wharves, and by six the entire locality was dense with an indignant and excited people. The Mayor, the Sheriff and several police officers appeared on the ground to prevent any act of violence that might be attempted; notwithstanding which, suggestions of tar and feathers, hanging, ducking, lashing, burning, and every conceivable method of retributive Judge Lynch were rife amidst the crowd. Law-abiding citizens expostulated, police officers frowned down all such hints, and others looked upon them as highly unworthy of men of sense and reason. In this manner the ferocity of the crowd was somewhat cooled down for the time.

At seven o'clock the "Townes," with the schooner in her wake, appeared coming around the bend at Bates's Spring. The crowd was now greatly increased, and the excitement more heated than ever. As they approached the wharf, the people crowded forward to the utmost extremity, many boldly daring the danger of tumbling into the river, to get a view of the crest-fallen kidnappers.

At length the ropes were thrown out, the vessels were made fast, and the two prisoners marched out under a strong escort of police and law-loving citizens. But no sooner had they touched the earth than the excitement attained its highest pitch. Shouts of "hang him," "kill him," were commenced. The throng pressed in from all sides. An attempt was made to seize the prisoners, and at one time the mob attained such an ascendancy that the seizure of the mate from the hands of officer Butts seemed unavoidable. Blows were struck at him, lunges made for his throat, and all sorts of attempts to drag him into the mob followed without cessation. A large number of peaceably inclined citizens, however, rallying to the aid of the police, successfully averted the threatened violence, and the men were in a few moments lodged in jail. The negroes followed, a few moments after, in an omnibus belonging to Powell's Hotel.

The negroes all aver that they were enticed off by Baylis, who was to make their passage secure for the consideration of $50 each, which was paid in advance. Joe Mayo (owned by O. P. Hare) confessed that he was on his way to New York, where his wife (a refugee) awaited him, and he had sold all his "plunder" for $50, in order to get there. He paid $48 to Baylis.

John Bull, Mr. Andrew Kevan's boy, was bound for St. Catherine's Hotel, Toronto, Canada West, where he had engaged a situation as waiter, through the influence of some of his old friends.

Gilbert, slave to Col. T. W. Epes, had in his possession $500, in gold, silver and notes, which he alleged he had saved during twenty-seven years, as the profits accruing from "pig raising." The others had nothing remarkable to show or say for themselves.

The schooner "Keziah" is owned by Wm. Danenburg, Norfolk, the suspected slave-stealer, who was driven from that city on Friday night last, an account of which appears in another part of to-day's papers. Baylis, by connection with the recent developments in Norfolk, is already implicated in some most villanous underground operations.

The "Keziah" is valued at $800. It is a small, low-looking, two-masted affair, capable of holding about twelve hundred bushels. By the laws of the State the vessel is confiscated, and the captain and mate, if found guilty, compelled to pay a fine of $500, and be sent to the penitentiary, on each indictment, for a term of not less than three nor more than ten years.

From the same.

The news of the capture of the schooner Keziah, and her captain and mate, with all the circumstances connected with their extensive underground operations, having become everywhere known through the press, on yesterday a large crowd of people assembled at the Courthouse and in front of the city jail, expecting the examination of the kidnappers to take place before the Mayor. In this all were disappointed, as it was not deemed prudent, in the existing state of public feeling, to expose them again to the assaults of the crowd. The excitement, however, did not appear to be so furious as on the occasion of the arrival of the prisoners, but we question whether they would have been entirely safe, after or perhaps during a hearing, from the violence of the people. The officers of police were on the alert for any essay towards ransacking the jail, as we learn was suggested the night before, which might now have been made. But in this direction there was no cause of alarm. As soon as it was understood that the examination was deferred, nearly the entire crowd dispersed, the others hanging on out of mere listless curiosity, without the slightest show or any particular desire of being gratified.

The captain of the schooner, Baylis, is a low, but not thickly set man, quite muscular, about forty-five years of age, and possesses a rather frank, sailor-like appearance than otherwise. Sea-faring life has bronzed his complexion and hardened his features to some degree. Joseph Simpkins, his mate, is not more than thirty-five, thickly built, strong, and hearty-looking. He is a moulder by trade, and has only been engaged a short time as a sailor. He protests his innocence of having anything at all to do with the kidnapping business, and avers that he was altogether ignorant of the transaction up to the time the schooner was boarded by the Townes. Both men belong to Wilmington, Delaware.

The Keziah was visited during the day by a large number of persons, who, of course, satisfied every curiosity. The vessel holds about thirty-five tons. A trap door is fixed in the floor of the cabin, admitting to a confined space underneath, in which the girl Sarah was found, and where she remained, half suffocated with the closeness of the air, for two days and nights. Arrangements for secreting slaves were also discovered in the hold, being effected in the peculiar disposition and division of the parts in which the cargo is stowed.

### *LETTER FROM BOSTON.*

Correspondence of The Christian Intelligencer.

BOSTON, May 29, 1858.

"THE Dutch have taken Holland." Pray excuse me; as I write to a Dutch paper, I will accept your version, "the Yankees have swallowed Boston." We have had in Boston a rehash of the abolition talk of the New York Society at the meeting of our Tract Society. The coming and going out of this body was like the rod of Aaron, it consumed all the other meetings. The great *defeated* in New York made a great time about the packing of the New York people at New York; but no pains and no money were spared to bring men on from all parts of the country to vote in the Boston Society. Rev. Dr. Bacon, who seems to have lost his temper lately, made a most violent attack on the press, which notified the community that at a late day, after the meeting in New York, money had been sent on from New Haven to make him a member of the Boston Society in season to vote; and after he had sufficiently abused the press for making the statement, he admitted it to be true.

The persistency of these men in their misrepresentation of the action of the National Tract Society was one of the most remarkable features of the discussion here. It was said, over and over again, that the Society had refused to print anything on the duties growing out of the relation of the master and slave, while the fact was that nothing was decided at all, except to approve of the *action* of the Tract Committee. It was persistently repeated that Dr. Tyng's resolution was *voted down*, while all know it was laid on the table, and can be called up when the mover pleases to call it. Rev. Mr. Patton, of "the West," made a violent speech about the New York Society and the West. He undertook to tell what the "Congregationalists" wanted out West. A gentleman of Boston reminded the speaker that the Boston Tract Society was not *yet* a Congregational Society—a fact that Mr. Patton had overlooked.

In the main design of the Boston meeting the agitators were signally defeated. The Boston Society was not prepared for secession. But the lasso was ready. "No secession, no contributions." Suppose the New York agents are kept from the Boston pulpits, this fact cannot prevent the laymen from paying their money as they please to pay it. Many of the New England congregations already see the drift of things. Rev. Mr. Richards, of the Central Church—the leading Church in Boston—stated to the Tract Society that to follow the lead of the men who counselled secession would tend to a dismemberment of the Society; and when separated from the parent Society, they would soon be split into fragments. The most wealthy, the most liberal, and the most devoted friends of the tract cause are the Conservatives. I do not doubt that the contributions this year in Boston to the National Society will exceed those of any previous year.

People here are greatly amused with the manner in which you have transfixed Mr. Quincy Byles, of *The Tribune*. It is only recently that Byles has been known. The best antidote that can be given to anything he may write is to append his name to it. A violent infidel, an assailer of the Church, the ministry, and the Bible—a man who threw up his commission as a Justice of the Peace because he would not allow that any subordination was due to a civil magistrate. That man is a fit assailant of the New York Tract Society and all good men.

UNIVERSITY.

### *FUGITIVE-SLAVE EXCITEMENT AT NORFOLK, VA.*

From The Norfolk Day Book, May, 28.

MR. SCOTT, of Isle of Wight, called on the Mayor last night and informed him that he had lost a valuable negro, and had reason to suppose he was secreted on board of a vessel then going or about going to the port of New York. The Mayor, in company with Inspector Parker, Deputy Inspector Face and others, procured a steamer at eleven o'clock, p. m., and proceeded at once to overhaul the suspected vessel.

They found her at Chuckatuck, where she had been detained by a head wind, and was then in the act of getting under way. The officers promptly took her in charge and brought her into this port, where they arrived about twelve o'clock noon. The vessel proved to be the Francis French, commanded by Thos. S. Loveland, and had the absconding negro on board.

The captain, crew and the absconding negro (named Anthony) were brought into the Mayor's Court. His Honor, after taking the names of all connected with the vessel, promptly committed them until to-morrow morning at ten a. m., when the whole matter will undergo an investigation.

Too much credit cannot be awarded to the Mayor and other officers for their prompt and energetic action in the premises.

Just as our paper was about being put to press we were waited on with a call for a meeting of the citizens to-night, to take action on the subject of negro-stealing, as some of its features have been developed by the arrest of parties charged with the offence by Mayor Ferguson. We find great excitement among our citizens on the subject, and we caution the guilty, if they are in our midst, to flee from the wrath which is threatening them by an enraged community.

From The Argus of May 31.

According to announcement, a large number of our citizens assembled in Ashland Hall, Friday night, to take action relative to certain individuals suspected of running off slaves to the North. The discovery of the missing negro Anthony, belonging to Mr. Scott, of Smithfield, on board the schooner Francis French, caused this prompt action. The meeting was very numerously attended and there were present many of our most respectable and intelligent citizens. On motion of Daniel S. Cherry, Esq., J. J. Moore, Esq., was called to the Chair, and Edward P. Tabb, Esq., was appointed Secretary, when, on motion of John R. Langley, Esq., a Committee of twenty-three was appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the feelings of the meeting. The Chair then appointed the following gentlemen:

James A. Saunders, W. L. Walters, W. S. Pepper, George R. Drummond, Thomas Mercer, Henry Ghiselin, Captain W. Face, Wm. Lamb, Wm. Denby, Jr., John H. Sale, C. W. Grandy, John R. Langley, D. S. Cherry, W. W. Hall, John Myers, Captain Cooper, W. H. Turner, Capt. Adams, Chas. Hayden, Thos. Johnston, Robt. Searles, Captain Bev. Taylor, Lewis W. Webb, who retired, and soon returned with the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas the citizens of Norfolk and its vicinity have suffered severely by the loss of their slave property, and believing that there is an agent in this city by the name of Willett Mott, who formerly commanded a packet sailing between this port and the City of New York, and that he is the person who aids the slaves to escape; and developments having been made this day, in the arrest of the schooner Francis French and crew, with a slave secreted on board, bound for New York, and the said Mott having evinced much interest and sympathy in the matter, and used expressions which no man from the North should be permitted to use in a Southern State; therefore, be it

Resolved, That a Committee of twenty be appointed by the Chair to give immediate notice to the said Willett Mott to leave the City of Norfolk and its vicinity within twenty-four hours, and never again to return to this city or its vicinity.

Resolved, That should the said man Mott not depart hence within the time appointed for leaving, that he be tarred and feathered, ridden on a rail, and shipped North to his *Abolition friends*.

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this Committee, from the evidence before them, that William Dannenburg has been running off slave-property of our citizens—and, therefore, be it

Resolved, That twenty-four hours' notice be given to the said Dannenburg to leave this city and its vicinity, under a penalty of a coat of tar and feathers.

Resolved, That this preamble and resolutions be published in the city papers, and all papers which are true to the South.

Which were adopted by acclamation. It was then, on motion, resolved that the same Committee wait upon Messrs. Mott and Dannenburg immediately, and read them the above resolutions. It was further resolved that the meeting sustain and support the Committee in any action it may be hereafter compelled to take in the event of having to use any coercive measures.

Mr. Peter Moore, constable, read some charges against Mott and Dannenburg.

The Committee waited on the individuals mentioned, and notified them in accordance with the resolution.

Dannenburg left Saturday morning in the Richmond boat, and Mott in the afternoon for Baltimore. It is hoped, therefore, that the guilty parties have been discovered and driven off, and that we shall not hear again of the loss of the rightful property of our citizens.

Ashland Hall was again crowded Saturday night to receive the report of the committee appointed to carry out the resolutions adopted Friday night, J. J. Moore, Esq., presiding, and E. P. Tabb, Esq., acting as Secretary. Mr. Saunders, Chairman of that committee, made the following report:

The committee of twenty-three appointed at a previous meeting, to ship or tar and feather Mott and Danenburg, report that Danenburg left this afternoon in the Baltimore boat for Baltimore, that a part of your committee were on board the boat and saw him go off; and Mott's wife and children were on board the Roanoke, bound for New York. Your committee endeavored to find him but he, having heard of our presence in Portsmouth, hid himself—Mayor Grice pledging that his police would find and put him on board.

Your committee have reason to believe that a free negro by the name of Edmund White and a slave or free man named George Washington are acting in concert with the Abolitionists of the North, and ought to be driven hence.

On motion, the committee of twenty-three were directed to order these negroes from the city.

The committee recommend that a special committee of ten be appointed to ascertain what free negroes are now residing in this city, contrary to law and said committee be instructed to request the proper authorities to enforce the law immediately—passed.

The following gentlemen were appointed by the chair: J. A. Saunders, J. R. Ludlow, J. R. Langley, W. W. Hall, G. R. Drummond, James Wilkinson, James L. Belote, Wilson S. Pepper, E. P. Tabb, Jno. Freeman.

A secret Vigilance Committee of one hundred is to be appointed—25 from each ward.

Mr. B. Kayton, who was called, took the stand and vindicated himself in regard to the charge of being engaged in running off slaves, &c. His manner was very earnest and his language harsh and emphatic. He declared that he was true to the South, and that he was ready to assist in hanging the slave-stealers.

After some further suggestions and motions, the meeting adjourned to meet on or before the first of July.

### *SLAVERY SUGAR-COATED.*

[*The Times* of this city employed a correspondent to inform its readers of the doings of the Old School Presbyterian Assembly, at its recent meeting in New Orleans. Here is an extract from one of his letters.]

The hospitalities of the city have been extended to the delegates in a most bountiful and munificent manner. They were met on their arrival at the levee by proper committees, placed in carriages, and at once introduced to the families with whom they were to find a temporary home. Everything is done to make them feel that they are among friends; and I doubt whether the pleasant impressions of their sojourn here will ever be effaced from their memories and hearts.

A story is told—for whose truth I cannot vouch—of a rather eccentric old Southerner, who requested the committee to send to his house any who might be Abolitionists. A few of that sort were accordingly sent, to whom their host remarked, with a comic gravity, "Gentlemen, my wife is, unfortunately, away from home, and, as I am rather deaf, here are my servants; command them as you please, and flog them if any should refuse to obey." Whether any of the enemies of the "peculiar institution" have availed themselves of the opportunity I have not yet heard. The old man certainly meant to put his guests at their ease.

Bad as we of the North believe slavery to be, I have yet to see the first sign of the squalid wretchedness, poverty and degradation among the blacks here which we daily see among the blacks and the foreigners of the North.

I have been in several of the churches built for the slaves, and I have seen crowds of them worshipping with their masters in the same great congregation. They are wonderfully impressible, uttering their feelings in the very midst of the services, sometimes by a simple "Yes, yes," sometimes by a long low wail, or a sweet, plaintive, musical sound that goes all over the congregation, and often by a shriek from some female voice, followed with a spasmodic uplifting of the hands and then a slight swoon, which draws together a crowd of sympathizing negroes, who attend to the subject until she is restored to consciousness. All the while the services go on as if nothing was the matter, the preacher evidently satisfied with this evidence of his power over his audience.

With all the stringent laws deemed necessary to keep the slave in check, there is a humane sentiment manifest which indicates good for the race. I heard, the other day, an argument in favor of a colored woman who claimed her liberty in consequence of some arrangement made previous to the recent law prohibiting emancipation; the argument was earnest, manly and bold, I thought—carried with it the sympathies of the audience. I am sure I wished in my heart, as I looked at the features of the claimant, that her suit might be successful. The more I look at and hear of the subject, the more important and solemn does the great problem of American slavery appear—the more complicated are the questions and interests involved—the less do I believe that rampant and fanatic abolitionism will ever solve them, and the more confidence do I have in the power of God's truth, and the unaided workings of His providence in bringing order out of confusion and light out of darkness. I am sure that the Gospel is fitted to meet this as every other evil—to mitigate and soften its asperities—gradually to change its features, and eventually to put it out of the way, as it has done other anomalies in the Christian world. Perhaps we may live to see these results. Surely they will come, for the finger of prophecy and the oracle of God point to a time when, under the mighty power of the Word of Life, the world shall become peaceful and holy, and then all shall be freemen in Him who came to publish liberty to the captive and the opening of the prison door to them that are bound.

Yours truly, DE ROCHEVILLE.

### *THE METHODIST CHURCH, SOUTH.*

[The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at its late session in Nashville, expunged from the Book of Discipline all reference to the subject of buying and selling slaves. According to the constitutional law of the Church, three-fourths of the Annual Conferences must concur in this action. The vote stood, ayes 140, noes 8. The resolutions thus almost unanimously adopted were as follows:]

Whereas the rule in the General Rules of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, forbidding "the buying and selling of men, women and children, with an intention to enslave them," is ambiguous in its phraseology, and liable to be construed as antagonistic to the institution of slavery, in regard to which the Church has no right to meddle, except in enforcing the duties of masters and servants, as set forth in the Holy Scriptures; and whereas a strong desire for the expunction of said rule has been expressed in nearly all parts of our ecclesiastical connection; therefore,

Resolved, by the delegates of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, in General Conference assembled, That the rule forbidding "the buying and selling of men, women, and children with an intention to enslave them," be expunged from the General Rules of the Methodist Episcopal Church South.

Resolved, That in adopting the foregoing resolution, this Conference expresses no opinion in regard to the African slave trade, to which the rule in question has been "understood" to refer.

Lest the adoption of these resolutions might be understood as favoring a renewal of the slave trade, Bishop Pierce explained the matter thus:

"The whole philosophy of the proceeding seems to be founded on the fact that it is not the province of the Church to decide any question with reference to African slavery. The South Church maintains that slavery is not a subject of ecclesiastical legislation. The single object was that while we disclaimed the right of legislation upon that subject, we wished to make the Discipline conform to that profession. The Conference, by its action this morning, has not parted with its authority, or the authority of the Church, over its members in any respect. Every member of the Church claims to be a loyal citizen. We declare here that African slavery is a purely civil institution, and there is no reason for alarm about losing Church control. If we turn to the 23d Article of Religion, we shall find there that the Church retains its proper authority over its members, with reference to the subject. We, therefore, by this act, simply maintain our original position—that of having nothing to do with the subject of slavery more than any other civil matter over which the laws of the country are extended. I beg the brethren, therefore, to be easy. There is nothing here to warrant any construction looking towards a repeal of the laws of the United States in regard to the African slave trade. There is no occasion for sensitiveness, nor for any legislation on the subject anywhere else. No harm has been done to anybody to-day. We have only set ourselves right on a vexed question; and we may safely defy all the efforts of our enemies, North and South, to damage the Church for taking a clear position upon this subject."

### *THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND SLAVERY.*

[The Archbishop and Bishops of the Catholic Church, who recently assembled in Provincial Council in Baltimore, have issued a Pastoral Letter to the clergy and laity of that denomination. Among other subjects to which it refers is the slavery question. We make the following extract:]

THE peaceful and conservative character of our principles, which are adapted to every form of government and every state of society, has been tested and made manifest in the great political struggles that have agitated the country on the subject of domestic slavery. Although history plainly testifies that the Church has always befriended the poor and laboring classes, and effectually procured the mitigation of the evils attached to servitude, until through her mild influence it passed away from the nations of Europe, yet she has never disturbed established order or endangered the peace of society by following theories of philanthropy.

Faithful to the teachings and example of the apostles, she has always taught servants to obey their masters, not serving to the eye merely, but as to Christ, and in his name she commands masters to treat their servants with humanity and justice, reminding them that they also have a Master in Heaven. We have not, therefore, found it necessary to modify our teaching with a view of adapting it to local circumstances. Among us there has been no agitation on this subject. Our clergy have wisely abstained from all interference with the judgment of the faithful, which should be free on all questions of polity and social order, within the limits of the doctrine and the law of Christ. We exhort you, venerable brethren, to pursue this course, so becoming "the ministers of Christ and dispensers of the mysteries of God." Let the dead bury their dead. Leave to worldlings the cares and anxieties of political partizanship, the struggles for ascendancy, and the mortifications of disappointed ambition. Do not, in any way, identify the interests of our holy faith with the fortunes of any party; but, preaching peace and good will to all mankind, study only to win to truth the deluded children of error, and to merit the confidence of your flocks, so that, becoming all to all, you may gain all to Christ.

## Selections.

### *THE GERMAN VINE-GROWERS IN MISSOURI.*

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

ST. LOUIS, May 20, 1858.

AFTER making the visit described in my last to the German village of Hermann, on the Missouri, I crossed the river to examine some other German settlements. A steam ferry-boat took me over, and, finding no vehicle on the other bank, I begged a seat in a large wagon which was being driven to the village I wished to visit. We crossed first the rich river-bottoms, a soil too rich for wheat, where corn has grown in luxuriance now for a quarter of a century without a particle of manure from human hands. What wheat was growing was already some two feet high; on some fields the Indian corn was springing above ground, and in others negro boys and girls were ploughing, without apparently any overseer or older hand being near them. Our road passed mostly through groves of cottonwood and sycamore trees of immense size.

The cleared land here is valued usually at from $20 to $30 an acre. We reached at the edge of evening the village, a collection of log-houses, surrounding a white church, in a large clearing, with some hills which seemed vine-covered on the outskirts of the forest. I could not find the gentleman I was in search of, but at length chanced on a relative of his, who received me kindly. In visiting the different houses, it struck me the people did not live in as much comfort as those over the river. The whole was probably a newer settlement; still every family seemed to have its horses and cattle, and many possessed good vineyards. Here, again, I observed no signs of drunkenness, or of the vices which spring from strong drink. There seemed to be only a few Americans in the town. In passing one large desolate-looking brick house, with spacious fields about it, my companion (a German) said that it belonged to a wealthy squire, a slaveholder, and that it was once a beautiful property, yielding several thousand bushels of grain every year; "but the niggers are using it up; in a few years we Germans shall buy it out, and they will all have to go to Texas!" My friend said he had known of one planter who had used up *five* plantations of tobacco in Virginia, and now, after wasting another fine one here, had gone to the South. I asked him whether the Germans and the slaveholders never fraternized, and whether his countrymen were never induced to hold slaves. "No," he said; "we hate these men, and we cannot bear to have slaves about us. They (the masters) are a proud, lazy set, and they pretend to despise us, though they have not often half our education. We do not want to meet them, and they very seldom trouble us, though they know we are Free-Soilers; perhaps one reason is that we never interfere with the slaves, except by showing what free labor can do."

He stated that the only Germans who had ever held slaves in that neighborhood were some banished aristocrats and noblemen, who had taken them for house-servants, and these were despised by their countrymen. In one house I was asked to the supper they were all eating—eggs, corn-cakes and coffee—but German-made coffee, and a different sort of meal from the grease-soaked food one would usually partake of in an American pioneer's cabin. The man—our host—did not know I was an American, and in reply to a question from me in German about the village, he said, "The Germans, especially the vine-growers, were succeeding very well there, but the Americans could not get on. *Americans are too lazy, you know, and thriftless*, and they cannot work for themselves; the Germans drive them all out." As I was going, I mentioned that I was an American, upon which he seemed very much troubled, and began to make various apologies; but I told him I was glad to hear such expressions, as they showed what was the true effect of slavery, only he must remember that all Americans were not slaveholders.

In asking about their position toward the slaveholders, I found that formerly they had been cowed by them, but that now they would none of them fear to vote for an Emancipation candidate. They will only need organization to poll a strong vote for the Free Soil party in 1860. Of the slaves in the neighboring plantations they know little. A story is current with them of a Yankee master in the county who, a few years since, in a fit of drunken cruelty, called a slave before him, had him bound, and with hunting-knife proceeded deliberately to cut strips of flesh from his back. Sometimes they have known of fearful floggings, and they evidently considered the negro girls as much a prey to their young masters in Missouri as in any other slave State. But in these matters they do not much interest themselves, and I fear have often imbibed as much dislike to the negro as to his master. One German Methodist, they related, had just been hauled up before his Church for keeping a slave. He put in for defence that he was actuated by the purest missionary motives, and that he wished to convert the poor heathen's soul. This ecclesiastical body, unlike our Northern Synods, did not apparently consider this the best species of Christian mission, and incontinently dismissed him.

The church in the village, and the school, were built by the Germans. I found they had all passed through the fevers of a new country, but, as the ground was being more cultivated, these diseases gradually diminished or ceased entirely.

LAKE CREEK.

One gentleman living in this place I had been especially desirous of visiting. He is a German of thorough education, an author, a man of noble purposes and much scope of view, and he has been 21 years in this State. No one knows better the condition of the Germans in Missouri, the prospects of emancipation so far as their influence is concerned, and the chances of the vine-culture. He received me with much hospitality. His place is a little paradise in the midst of the wilderness. The house—a log-house, filled in—is built, contrary to the American custom, on a hillside, under some pleasant trees. Behind it the hill rises, covered with green vines and crowned with a peach orchard; at the foot is a stream, and beyond, wide grain-fields, up to the edge of the forest. On each side was a broken country of vine-clad hills and wooded valleys, till finally the deep forest covered everything. The lights of a glorious May day were playing over it; all was in freshest spring-green, and it struck me as one of the most exquisite bits of landscape I had ever looked on. On seeing me examine the great trees left here and there on his meadows, Mr. M. said, "You know we Germans never like to clear away the forest, as do your American pioneers; we look forward to the time when these old trees will be the most valuable things here, and we never intend to leave our places, as your countrymen do." I spoke of the hardships which he, a gentleman unused to such things, must have gone through to make such a place as that. He said they were certainly great, but there was a feeling of triumph in having made such a conquest from Nature; and now he was most glad he had endured it all, as he saw the great moral struggle beginning in the State. It made it worth all his labors to be able to take part in the great battle of Emancipation.

As we passed a root-ax, "That is the *Vernichter des Urwalds*," said he, "the destroyer of the primeval forest!"

I asked him about the vine-culture. He said that, without making a business of selling wine, he had experimented probably more than any one in this pursuit. He was most interested in it from moral reasons. He believed the making of cheap native wine the best of all means for checking intemperance with the mass of the people, and he had already seen its effects in this direction in Missouri. He knew, too, that the raising of vines was a pursuit which could never flourish under slavery, and which was directly opposed to the whole method and system of the slaveholders. If it could draw free German labor into Missouri in mass, it would do more to expel slave labor from the State than any other influence.

His statistics of that pursuit were much the same as those I have already given of the Hermann vineyards. An average yield, after the third year, he put as high even as 500 gallons—or about $400—per acre. Two hundred dollars he considered capital enough for the new emigrant, allowing $100 for the expense of his wine cellar. He had found the climate on the whole more favorable than in Germany, for the grape. Great care was needed in the sorts of vines; he had experimented with vines from California, from Spain, Italy, Hungary, and even from Palestine, and had at last settled on certain native sorts—the North Virginia Seedling, the Isabella and Catawba being the best. He and others had also worked out a number of new varieties, and some they had introduced. Of these the most valued are the Clara (white), Rabee (red), Cassady (very white), Rebecca, Emily, Diana and Concord.

The wines made are less alcoholic than the Ohio Catawba, and resemble both Burgundy and the common Rhine wine. Of the space in the State for this culture he says, with Prof. Swallow, that "there is more good vine land in Missouri than in all France."

Without quoting further from the interesting information furnished me by this gentleman, it is sufficiently apparent, from all the statements and facts thus far presented, that Missouri, especially in the vine culture, offers immense inducements to German settlers.

It is well known that Germans form already the strong Free Soil element in the State. Through their votes have the Emancipation candidates in St. Louis and Jefferson City, and other towns, been elected. They will come forth still stronger for a Republican candidate in the election of 1860. Many well-informed Free-Soilers in St. Louis are confident of sweeping the State in that year. Numbers speak of the State becoming free in five or ten years. We regard most of these predictions and expectations as too sanguine. There are now probably more than 90,000 slaves within the State. The Legislature could hardly be induced within any moderate space of time to take any such burden as the indemnity for the emancipation of such a multitude. No; we believe the great hope for emancipation in Missouri lies, not in any future proceedings of its Legislature, or even in the results of elections—though these will aid—but in the natural influence of free labor on force labor. The one must underbid and drive out the other. By the introduction of free emigrants the slaves become too expensive to keep, and other and better sources of profit are opened to the owner. Slavery receives its final blow, alas! not from philanthropy or religion, but from economy. *It ceases to pay*. Now this result can only be hastened by pouring into this favored and beautiful State a stream of free labor. The Germans have already begun to penetrate within the country. Why may not their numbers be increased until a host of freemen, covering the vine-clad hills, swarming in the busy towns, working the inexhaustible mines, and drawing rich harvests from the fertile intervals, make that magnificent State what God and its nature intended it to be—the abode of happy, industrious, prosperous freemen?

C. L. B.

### *TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF ELLIS GRAY LORING, ESQ.,*

*At the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, May* 27, 1858.

REMARKS OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

MR. PRESIDENT: I rise, at this time, to discharge a sad, yet pleasurable, duty.

Yesterday afternoon, in company with a large number of sympathizing friends, I attended the funeral obsequies of our departed friend and brother, ELLIS GRAY LORING, in the Church of the Disciples in this city. The services were highly appropriate and impressive. After everything had been said, by Rev. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, that needed to be said, in merited praise of the deceased, whose remains were before us, ready to be conveyed to the sheltering tomb, an invitation was kindly extended by him to any in the audience who desired to say anything more to do so. There were many present whose hearts were overflowing with emotion, and who would have found no lack of words to give expression to their feelings; but, after the additional tribute paid to the character of our departed brother by Hon. JOSIAH QUINCY, Jr.—a tribute full of pathos and beauty, as well as eminently just—nothing more seemed called for; and so, for one, I was silent. Yet here, on the platform of the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, where our friend, at the earliest period, was wont to take his stand, it seems not only desirable, but a duty, that we should say at least a few words, by way of giving him our parting tribute of respect, love and gratitude.

In the first place, if it were in my power, by anything I could say, I would like to lighten the load of sorrow which must be resting upon the hearts of the beloved wife and only child who have been so suddenly bereft of the one nearest and dearest in all the world to them. I rejoice to hear, however, that they are sustained under this great bereavement by a Divine power, which makes their strength equal to their day; that, through the gloom which surrounds them, they catch glimpses of the heavenly light; and hence nothing is needed, on the part of any of us, to make them feel that God has done all things well.

It may savor something of personal egotism if I refer to my early acquaintance with Mr. LORING; but I do so on his account, not on my own. Twenty-seven years ago, I became acquainted with him—then standing, as I did, solitary and friendless, in my advocacy of the cause of "the suffering and the dumb"—scarcely knowing where to find a friendly hand, or hearing, in any direction, a friendly voice. In that hour, my departed friend, till then a stranger to me, came forward, and gave me his hand, and his heart in his hand—gave me his warm and cordial support—bade me God-speed in the movement for the emancipation of those in bondage; and from that hour until the day of his death was a fast, firm, and attached friend. His position, at that time, was one full of temptation to induce him to ignore so unpopular and despised an enterprise. Like myself, he was a young man, but full of promise, looking to professional life for success and fame, and occupying a highly respectable position in society. Moreover, he was constitutionally fitted rather for retirement than for any public controversy; a man of extreme modesty, always unnecessarily distrusting his own powers as a public speaker, instinctively shrinking from conspicuity, and wishing to do what he could, in his own quiet way, without attracting to himself any special attention. He was made up of the finest elements of character—full of womanly tenderness, delicacy, and refinement of soul. Yet, under all these circumstances, with so much at hazard, he dared, with rare moral heroism, to stand in his lot, when the boldest were afraid, and publicly to declare, "I am for immediate and unconditional emancipation," and was ready to take the consequences of the declaration.

It is impossible for me to tell you the value of a friendship like his at that time. Fifty new friends now, would be as dust in the balance in comparison; for now, our cause spreads over the whole North; we count its friends and advocates by tens of thousands; everywhere it is marching on, conquering and to conquer; by and by, and at no distant day, it will not only be easy, but popular, to be an Abolitionist; and then there will be no special virtue or moral heroism in such a profession.

Mr. Loring was an early subscriber to *The Liberator*, and helped to insure its continuance—allowing his name, up to the last number, to appear, from week to week, as one of its Financial Committee—and thus never shrinking from public identification with it, though doubtless finding occasionally in its columns some things objectionable as a matter of taste or sound judgment. But its fidelity to the Anti-Slavery cause ever commanded his respect, and secured his warmest approbation.

He was one of the little band who assembled, on the evening of January 1st, 1831, in the vestry of the colored Church in Belknap street, to consider the expediency of organizing a New England Anti-Slavery Society. It was a memorable occasion to those who were present. After a very full and free interchange of sentiment, we found ourselves divided in opinion—alas! too few to be divided, for we were but a handful—yet our house was divided against itself. The Constitution that was submitted for adoption contained the doctrine of immediate emancipation, as the one to be set forth and proclaimed in the hearing of the nation. Among those who deemed it at least unwise to insert the word "immediate" before "emancipation" was our lamented friend; not, as I remember, that he objected to it on principle, but rather because he thought, if it were omitted, we could go on quite as efficiently, and induce many more to join our standard than we should otherwise be able to secure; so that, on that occasion, he was not prepared to become a member of the Society, without further deliberation. But, almost immediately, his good sense, and great conscientiousness, and sympathy for the slave, came to the rescue, and he saw that *immediateism* was the very sheet-anchor of the cause, and that without it nothing could be done towards bringing this nation to repentance, or emancipating those in bondage; and from that hour he became one of the most conspicuous and most valuable members of the Society.

It is known to very many of you that, for a long series of years, Mr. Loring was an honored member of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. I shall do no injustice to any other member of the Board when I say that, in all cases of doubt and difficulty, when we wanted the soundest judgment and the most reliable counsel, we all of us turned instinctively to Mr. Loring, regarding him almost as an oracle, to determine the very best thing to be done. I never met a man in council who so impressed me with his qualifications for such a position.

Our friend risked, it will be remembered, his professional success in thus early espousing the Anti-Slavery cause; he risked his social standing, which was one of great importance to himself; but he was willing to risk everything—fortune, professional fame, success, reputation, life itself. He was eminently conscientious, and that made him morally courageous and independent; and wherever he felt that duty required him to stand, he had it in his nature to plant his feet, let the consequences be what they might.

Mr. Loring set a noble example, as a lawyer, in opposition to the proscriptive and hateful spirit of colorphobia, which still prevails so extensively in our land. I believe he was the first lawyer who ever took a colored boy into his office, in order to train him up to the profession of the law. He did so, and with a resolute purpose, though there were many to laugh and sneer; and we have now, among the lawyers of Boston, that same colored boy, grown to full manhood, occupying a respectable position, and pursuing daily his professional avocation in the courts, in the person of ROBERT MORRIS, Esq.

Mr. Loring also distinguished himself by his legal ability in the celebrated case of the slave girl, MED, which came up in the Supreme Court of this State many years ago, before Judge Shaw, whereby we obtained the decision that a slave, having been brought into Massachusetts by his or her pretended owner, thereby became free.

At the time when an effort was made in the Legislature of this State, by an equivocal recommendation, on the part of Governor Everett, to secure the passage of a law in effect declaring that there should be no freedom of speech or of the press on the subject of slavery in this Commonwealth, Mr. Loring was one of the number who went before the Committee of the Legislature, to utter his solemn protest against any such action; and by his efforts helped to secure to us the liberty we are enjoying here to-day—the liberty of speech for ourselves and for those who may come after us.

There are many who will feel his loss very deeply; but, in such a case, I always think of the bereavement experienced by the millions in bondage. Of course, they did not know him personally—except in the case of fugitives coming to Boston, many of whom found in him a warm friend to succor and to aid; but if they could know, as we do, where he stood, and what he did, and how his heart beat high with sympathy in their behalf, there would be four millions of wailing mourners around his bier to-day, bathing it with their tears. Surely, "the memory of the just is blessed"; and if we have ever had a just man in Boston, it is the cherished friend who has been called from his labor to his reward.

Mr. President, we are all mortal—all steadily on the march to the spirit-world. Our days are numbered, and short at the longest. "The line is forming on the other side." How much work remains to be done! Let us who are left behind endeavor to be all the more zealous, active, determined, in prosecuting the noblest cause that can challenge human sympathy and effort, and thus be instrumental, under God, in putting an end to the most dreadful system of oppression the world has ever known.

I stand here to bless the memory of ELLIS GRAY LORING—to acknowledge my deep indebtedness to him for his early kindness, efficient coöperation, and lasting friendship. I stand here, also, to express my heartfelt sympathy for his beloved wife and almost idolized daughter, whose sorrow I would share and alleviate. Let me say, in justice to Mrs. Loring, and as an act of grateful remembrance, that she was at least as early in the field in behalf of the oppressed as her lamented husband. In this cause, from the start, the twain were one—with but one heart, one pulsation, ever seeing eye to eye, and working steadily together.

Let no one infer, from the fact that, for a few years past, he has been comparatively out of sight that Mr. Loring had lost his interest in the Anti-Slavery cause—for that he never lost. But, after the cheering extension of the cause, and its friends had become multitudinous, he followed his natural bent, which was always for retirement, and not for publicity. Enough that when there were few to plead for those in bondage—in spite of his taste and temperament, his social position and professional respectability—in the darkest and stormiest period of our terrible struggle, he was ready for public exposure and popular contumely—for self-denying labor and heroic enterprise—gracefully withdrawing himself from observation only as others advanced, yet keeping the flame of his philanthrophy as pure and bright as in the beginning.

Mr. President, I leave it to others, who will be better able to do justice to his memory, to speak further; but I could do no less than to pay this poor, unpremeditated, but heartfelt, tribute.

REMARKS OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

MR. CHAIRMAN: Mr. Garrison has spoken so truly and so fully as to leave nothing to be added to his sketch of the character of our beloved friend; still, I cannot let the resolution pass in silence. With my whole heart, I second every word Mr. Garrison has said. I only wish I had the right to speak, as he does, from an early acquaintance and an early personal intimacy with Mr. Loring. I only wish that I had the proud satisfaction of having been present, and aiding in those hours to which he has referred. I never think of those early days, and of that little band of which Mr. Loring was one, without, as a Massachusetts man, thanking them that, when you and I were dumb, heedless, indifferent or hostile, he, and a few other young men like him, rising above temptation, clear-sighted, fearless, saved the statute-book of Massachusetts from that law which Governor Everett, with his usual effort to ace both ways, half hinted the Legislature ought to put there, making it a penal offence to hold such meeting as this.

I thank him for another thing. This cause taught him, as it does every man, something more than his duty to the slave; it taught him, as it teaches all of us, his duty to freedom everywhere; and I remember that the first knowledge I had of him was when an obsolete statute, dug up from oblivion by religious prejudice, was beating down freedom of speech in the person of Abner Kneeland—tyranny always chooses a hated man when it aims a blow at a dear right—to meet that attack on freedom of speech, it was ELLIS GRAY LORING who drafted the petition, and circulated it, that opened that prison door (applause).

I never think of these things without remembering the letter of Henry the Great, from the battle-field of victory: "We have conquered Crillon, *et tu n'y etais pas*"—"and you were not there!" You and I, young friends, were not then in this field. It was this half-score of earnest, devoted, self-sacrificing, fearless souls that saved us free lips, our own freedom, awakened us to thought, built us this free platform, and welcomed us to it. And although Mr. Garrison has referred to the latter years of Mr. Loring's life, when, the ranks full and the laborers many, he yielded to his peculiar taste, dislike of controversy, love of private life, and withdrew from the more conspicuous service of the cause, still, even then, it was under his roof that Ellen craft found refuge when the United States officers, hounds of an infamous slave hunt, sought to lay hands on her as a fugitive (applause).

To ELLIS GRAY LORING belongs the honor, one which history will never forget, of having argued the *Med* case—the Somersett case of our struggle. Shrinking from jury practice, with no taste for the struggles of courts, he threw aside his dislike, and, opposed by almost the whole Bar, led the way in settling for Massachusetts and the North the principle that a slave *brought here* is free. Friends, he leaves us to-day the legacy of seeing that no corrupt Judge of any Bench makes vain that glorious and hard-won decision. If 1836 could infuse so much justice into law, learn of so bright an example, and see if 1858 cannot lift it up still higher, and make Massachusetts safe shelter for the fugitive also. To be like our noble predecessors, we must do not only what they did, but what they would have done.

The great merit of Mr. Loring's anti-slavery life was, it seems to me, that he laid on the altar of the slave's need all his peculiar tastes. Refined, domestic, retiring, contemplative, loving literature, art, the culture and the grace of literary intellectual ease, he saw there was no one else to speak, therefore he was found in the van. It was the uttermost instance of self-sacrifice—more than money, more than reputation—though he gave both.

He is gone! The second, third or fourth, I cannot

now recall which, of that little band who met to lay the corner-stone of this enterprise. They say the circle is small. "The narrower it becomes, let us draw the closer together." It was my privilege to know him in days when we were so few, we seemed but one family, and called each other by our first names—when persecution had driven us so close together that there was no point of division between us. We have grown larger, and some have passed onward, but no one dies. A man who links his name with the wealth, the material growth of a country, we may forget him when his body ceases to hold our sight; but one who comes to us always when we think of some great and living principle, is with us after his body is gone, as really as when it is present. He lives, as he always did, in loyalty to truth. Call not his life short. "His life is long that answers life's great end"; and who, in fifty years, has done more than this man to redeem the community in which he lives? Whoever writes its history must place his name high on its pages as having labored earnestly, devotedly, successfully to keep its life, its soul life, bright, vital, fresh. The man who lifts up his age belongs to the few that are not born to die.

I stand here, as my friend Garrison did, to thank him. It was from one living under his roof I received the first anti-slavery message that called me into anti-slavery being. It was from his hand, marked with his now so familiar writing, that I received the first anti-slavery pamphlet, in the record of his appearance before the Senate to protest against the attempt to punish meetings like these with the State Prison. I thank him for his good service in the Thermopylæ of 1835 and 1840—thank him for his example, always the more devoted the greater the need. I rejoice, as his near friend, in the worthy distinction he has of having been among the very first to rally round the banner of the noblest moral movement of our day. Ours may be a scanty eulogy, but coming time will confirm and enlarge it. Ours is but a feeble, though hearty blessing, but the gratitude of the poor and the hunted whom he has helped and sheltered will make all other blessing needless.


# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1858.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York.*"


CROWDED OUT.—The reports of the Anniversaries in New York and Boston have occupied so much of our space for several weeks past as to compel us to postpone a considerable amount of matter that we greatly desired to publish. These reports, however, are now nearly or quite finished, and our columns may be expected henceforth to present their usual variety. Correspondents will see in this statement the reason why their favours have been delayed.

## *BOBADIL IN THE SENATE CHAMBER.*

IT was Yorick's opinion that "of all the cants that are canted in this canting world, though the cant of hypocrisy may be the worst, the cant of criticism is the most disgusting." Had it been the luck of the Reverend Prebendary of York to have lived a century later, and known anything about this Model of Republics, he would have been made acquainted with a cant as disgusting as that of criticism, and at the same time as bad as the worst kind of hypocritical cant can be—and that is the cant of patriotism. This is bad enough when we have it pure and simple in its Union-saving form, used as the cover of every new invention of slaveholding villany; but when it is complicated with bullying and bravado towards England, as on the late occasion when the Conscript Fathers at Washington strove to see which could make the biggest fool of himself, ipecacuanha and *nux vomica* become mild, grateful and refreshing by the side of it. Ever since it has been taken for granted that the old Federal party lost its life and its influence through its righteous hostility to the shameful war of 1812, every candidate for the Presidency, of however remote a possibility of succession, and all his *tail* in all its dwindling degrees of attenuation, think it essential to their hopes of the Paradise of the White House to foam at the mouth and grind their teeth together, and roll their eyes, and clench their fists whenever they can find or make an occasion of quarrel with England. Illustrious militia generals have gathered the laurels of many a muster-field, and gallant veterans who have smelt gunpowder, indeed, but the bad powder of the Mexicans, which would not carry lead, and who rejoice in their glorious victories over half-armed, utterly undisciplined and worse than unofficered half-breeds, join in one song of anticipated triumph, and jubilantly propose sweeping the British Navy from the ocean with the breath of their resolutions! It is mournful enough to see such men as Henry Wilson and William H. Seward responding to slaveholding braggarts in this eclogue of pretended military ardor; while all the world knows that there is not one of them all that does not know that he does not dare do anything of the kind, under any imaginable circumstances. But it is part of the regular system of presidential tactics, which takes for granted the folly and wickedness of the entire people as the broad basis of operations.

Now, all this vaporing bombast would be merely, ridiculous if it did not reach beyond the walls of the Senate Chamber, and if it were cleared away with the rest of the bad breath and fetid air of the night-sessions, when the windows are set open during the interval between them. It would only make the utterers of it contemptible in the eyes of all intelligent people, and a laughing-stock even to the lewder sort whose praise it is meant to conciliate. But it does more than this. It not merely injures the character of the country in the eyes of the European world—which is not of much consequence, as that world thinks but little of us, and that little about as contemptuously now as it can—but it may help to fan a spirit in England which may embody itself in deeds the last to be desired by these Senatorial Bobadils. It is generally taken for granted that the commerce of the English nation depends upon our trade, and its manufactures upon our cotton-fields. We flatter ourselves that no amount of national insult can rouse the British lion to turn against the American eagle. It is supposed that there is but one feeling and one interest in England on the subject, and that is one that shudders at the idea of a collision with us. Now, we apprehend that this is by no means the case—at least to the extent generally supposed. We imagine that what we hear from English merchants and cotton-brokers, whose business is entirely dependent on peace with us, is the expression of the entire English mind. We believe this is very far from being the case.

In the first place, the English Navy, and all connected with it, is thirsting for a Naval War. In the late Russian War the Navy had scarcely a chance to distinguish itself, and the mortification resulting from that circumstance was extreme. A war with America must be mainly a Naval one, and there is nothing that large interest would welcome with such joy as a breach with us. In the second place, the entire landed interest, from the great proprietors in the House of Lords down to the smallest tenant-farmer, would hail a war with America as the sure presage of their prosperity and predominance. This class is always in favor of war, and especially of wars which hinder commerce. Corn never brought such prices, rents were never so inflated, nor farmers so prosperous, as during the twenty years war against Napoleon and Revolutionary ideas. The landed interest is not, perhaps, as omnipotent in England as it was in those days; but it is still a most potent element in the politics of the nation, and would effectually turn the scale, should other influences make it tremble on the poise between peace and war. Then there has been a bitter feeling towards us ever since the dismissal of Crampton by President Pierce. That whole business was justly looked upon as an unfair advantage taken of the embarassments of England, then in the height of the Crimean War, for the purpose of insulting and humiliating her, and we may be sure she will not let slip a good opportunity of being even with us again. Nothing, we believe, would so fortify and establish the Derby ministry as a resolute bearing towards us in this emergency, and a determination not to be brow-beaten by us, even if war should ensue. Nothing would be easier, we conceive, than to excite a war-spirit against us in the mind of England, which would entirely overpower the pacific interests of the half-dozen great towns which are identified with peaceful relations with us. And the general damage done to England would be insignificant in comparison with that which would redound upon us. And the knowledge of this fact will make our Government ready enough to show the white feather as soon as they see that John Bull is not afraid.

And why should he be afraid? He is absolutely and entirely in the right, in the quarrel we are making believe pick with him. Every nation has a right to ascertain the nationality of the ships of every other nation. The Right of Search is not in question at all, but the right of knowing whether a vessel, displaying a particular flag, is really entitled to the protection of that flag or not. Without this common right of all nations, not merely the slave trade, but all other kinds of piracy cannot be suppressed. All that Blackbeard or Captain Kidd would have to do, were they rovers of the sea to-day, according to the Law of Nations as expounded at Washington, is to buy a piece of bunting with the proper number of stars and stripes on it, and go whither they would, preying at will on the human race, and no man might say, why do ye so? The proud distinction which is demanded for the Star-Spangled Banner, by its especial champions, is that it be allowed to replace the honester black flag with the skull and cross-bones of the old Friends of the Sea. This cannot be permitted by England without a most humiliating submission, which we do not believe she is quite ready to make—especially as she has, or can have, at least fifty guns afloat to our one.

But, for all this, a war with England is a political and moral impossibility. All the bragging and bullying of our Senators means nothing and can come to nothing. No amount of interference with our commerce—it being entirely in Northern hands—could drive us into a war, however just, on belligerent principles. Slaveholders will take excellent care of that. We may rest assured that they will not submit to utter ruin for any legal crotchets of War and Peace. And utter ruin a war with England would be to them, and that a threefold ruin. In the first place, it would cut off their best customer and cut down the price of cotton to starvation prices. In the second place, it would expose them to invasion, as the weakest point of the country, and to all the dangers of an insurrection of their slaves, backed by a British army. In the third place, the interruption of the supply of cotton would instantly stimulate its production in India, Africa, the West Indies and South America, to an extent which would make England forever independent of us for that main staple of her manufactures. No! a War with England is an impossibility. If she please, she may send a fleet up the Potomac and pull Mr. Buchanan's nose in the face of both Houses of Congress. She may establish a Coast-guard all along the Atlantic shore and overhaul every craft that comes out of port. Nay, she may send a ship-of-war into the harbors of New York, Boston and Philadelphia, and oversee the loading of every vessel, so as to be sure there is nothing contraband of the slave trade on board, and there will be no war; unless the Northern States should split off and fight her on their own account. No war with England is possible, unless she should interfere with some of our crusades into the Southern Republics for the reëstablishment of the true faith of slavery. On that quarrel we might, possibly, be allowed to fight her; but for the defence of Northern merchantmen! The thing will be possible when the slaveholders are ready to let their slaves go, and not before.

## *THE PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.*

Correspondence of The National Anti Slavery Standard.

LONGWOOD, Chester Co., Pa., June 3, 1858.

THE Sixth Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends commenced in this place on Sunday last and closed last evening. It was crowded during the whole four days, and the proceedings have been very interesting. The announcement that THEODORE PARKER was to be present was a strong attraction to many, who eagerly embraced the opportunity of seeing and hearing the man upon whom the popular Church has set the mark of the heresiarch, and who has long been the terror of the supporters and apologists of organized wrong. The people flocked in from a circuit of twenty miles, filling the Progressive chapel to its utmost capacity and overflowing into the adjoining yard. It is said that, on Sunday, there were nearly or quite one thousand vehicles upon the ground, and, lining as they did every road to the distance of half a mile or more from the meeting-house, they presented a picture not often seen except at a Methodist camp-meeting or cattle-show. On that day the audience outside exceeded by far that which gained admission to the house. The good order and friendly courtesy of the throng spoke well for the manners and morals of the community in which this newest of religious societies has taken root.

The distinguishing peculiarities of the Progressive Friends are too well understood by your readers to need particular description here. uffice it to say that they have no doctrinal test whatever, and no discipline, but invite to coöperate with them all persons who acknowledge the duty of illustrating their faith in God by works of charity to mankind. Their Church—for so the organization deserves to be called—is distinctly and avowedly reformatory, holding creeds and ceremonies to be subordinate to practical righteousness. Its founders were earnest Abolitionists, and *therefore* reformers in the broadest sense of the word; and most of those who have been attracted thereto in the five or six years of its existence are probably of the same school. Such must continue to be the case so long as it remains faithful to its original principles.

Mr. Parker delivered two discourses on each of the first two days of the meeting—one in the morning and one in the afternoon. The topics of these discourses were —1. The Gradual Development of the Idea of God in the books of the Bible; 2. The Ecclesiastical Idea of God and its Inadequacy to the Wants of Science and Religion; 3. The Philosophical Idea of God and its Adequacy to the Wants of Science and Religion; 4. The Soul's Normal Delight in the Infinite God. These topics, seemingly abstract in the statement thereof, were treated in a very *practical* manner, as related to the anti-slavery and other reforms. Mr. Parker has certainly made a powerful impression upon the people of this neighborhood. His last discourse, especially, which was addressed to the *hearts* of his auditors far more than to their heads, revealed the source of the speaker's power in the depth and earnestness of his *religious* character. These discourses—the three first at least—will doubtless be published with the meeting's proceedings.

While Mr. Parker spoke to the multitude inside on the first day, Charles C. Burleigh and others addressed the crowd outside. On Monday and the two following days, the audience, by hard crowding, managed to accommodate itself to the dimensions of the meeting-house.

Letters were received from other Yearly Meetings, and from various individuals. In the latter class of correspondents I may mention the names of W. L. Garrison, T. W. Higginson, Rev. Samuel May, Jr., Rev. W. H. Fish, Rev. James Freeman Clarke, and Hon. J. R. Giddings.

The last two days were principally devoted to the consideration and adoption of TESTIMONIES, energetically worded, against popular and prevailing sins. Neither Mr. Parker nor Mr. Burleigh were present on these days, but Andrew J. and Mary F. Davis were there, taking a very acceptable part in the discussions. Mr. Davis spoke at length of "The Fraternity of Ideas," and Mrs. Davis delivered a capital address upon the Legal and Political Disabilities of Woman. The subjects upon which the meeting bore testimony were the following: Slavery, Caste, Coequality of Woman, War, Treatment of Criminals, Intemperance, Tobacco, Sectarianism, "The Great Revival," Education. A lucid and able essay upon PUBLIC WORSHIP, by Charles K. Whipple, of Boston, was received with much favor and directed to be published with the proceedings.

Of the Testimonies adopted I send you the following, which relate, more or less directly, to the Anti-Slavery movement. The meeting, you will perceive, did not fail to brand slavery as a sin, nor to express its hearty sympathy with the American Anti-Slavery Society.

### TESTIMONIES.

#### SLAVERY.

The holding of a human being as property, under whatever circumstances, we regard as a sin against God and a crime against humanity. As there is not a bondman in the land who has not an inalienable right to be free, we can do no less than to demand that every chain be instantly sundered. In dealing with a sin of such magnitude—a sin by which millions of our fellow-creatures are reduced to the condition of chattels and covered with the dark pall of ignorance and degradation—we can give no place to the spirit of compromise. There is no hope for the country but in persistently and unceasingly applying to the c  ciences of the people the unqualified demands of justice and righteousness. To whisper half-truths at such a time as the present is to "daub with untempered mortar" and trifle with the most fearful responsibilities that ever weighed upon the conscience of a nation.

There is much in the history of the past year, as pertaining to this great subject, that is well calculated to excite a righteous indignation and awaken our deepest solicitude. The Supreme Judicial tribunal of the country has proclaimed the atrocious doctrine, that persons of African descent, many of whom, it is well known, are children of men who shed their blood on the battle-fields of the Revolution and participated in the organization of the State and National Governments, are not and cannot be citizens—that, in short, they have "no rights which white men are bound to respect." This dogma is already incorporated in the platform of the party which bears sway in the councils of the nation; it shapes the legislation of Congress and the action of the Executive; while the only numerous political party which makes any pretension to anti-slavery is declared by not a few of its champions to be not the advocate of equality for the blacks, but the "*white* man's party," thus interposing no effectual resistance to the tyrannous decree. The President and his official advisers and agents have prostituted all their powers in the effort to establish slavery on the soil of Kansas, in opposition to the well-known wishes of her people; and an ingeniously contrived scheme, intended to effect this object, has been forced through Congress by Executive intimidation and political bribery. It should be added that not a few of the men, even at the North, who share the responsibility of this gigantic wickedness, hold a high rank in Churches calling themselves Christian! While the leading and most powerful despotism of the Old World is preparing to emancipate her millions of degraded serfs, the boasted "Model Republic" cherishes the system of chattel slavery as if it were the most precious jewel in the crown of her glory. Despotic Russia breaks the fetters of her bondmen, but Republican America, with the declaration upon her lips that all men are endowed with an inalienable right to liberty and the pursuit of happiness, dooms one-seventh of her population to the most degrading servitude, while not a few of the champions of this wickedness have the effrontery to propose that the foreign slave-trade, now branded as piracy by our laws, should be revived for the purpose of augmenting the number of their victims and extending the system over territory as yet unpolluted by its presence.

If we turn to the popular Churches of the country, the prospect is no better; they still remain, as heretofore, "the bulwarks of slavery." Of the numerous sects which swarm in every part of the land, and which must be regarded as the exponents of its morality, there is not one that is *thoroughly* imbued with an anti-slavery spirit; not one whose garments are not stained with the blood of the slave. Even those whose organic law is opposed to the system fail to live up to the principles they profess, and by their connivance or non-action strengthen the hands of the slaveholder. The American Tract Society, the organ and representative of the great "evangelical" denominations, and which professes to have for its object the promotion of "vital godliness and sound morality," while it fails not to rebuke dancing, theatre-going and sleeping in church as sins perilous to the soul, deliberately refuses to utter a single word in condemnation of the sin of man-stealing, and confides an absolute censorship over all its publications to a man who defends slavery from the Scriptures, and whose "*South-side View*" of that system shocked the moral sense of the friends of freedom throughout the civilized world. The American Bible Society not only refuses to make any effort to give the Bible to the slaves, but sanctions those interpretations of the Book which make it the bulwark of oppression.

This is indeed a gloomy picture; but we believe that, on the whole, the cause of freedom is advancing, and we do not for a moment permit ourselves to doubt that it will ultimately triumph. The truth, faithfully proclaimed, is the mightiest agent in the Universe. It must eventually work the destruction of the system which exposes us to the scorn of the world and the retributions of Heaven.

The Union between the free and the slave States is a compact of guilt and shame. Every day's experience of the workings of the National Government serves to demonstrate the preposterous absurdity as well as wickedness of the attempt to bind together as one nation States founded upon the principles of universal liberty and equality and States which nourish and perpetuate the worst system of oppression that ever blackened the page of history. It is impossible for the former to stand in political alliance with the latter without corrupting the very sources of their national life and receiving into all their veins and arteries the foul blood of oppression and slavery. Not until the North has the courage and the manliness to sunder the ligament that binds her to "the body of this death" and holds her in guilty alliance with men-stealers, will she be truly free, or be able to break the chains of the slaves, or to present to the world an example worthy of imitation. Not until she banishes the slave-hunter from her soil and solemnly proclaims her purpose to protect the fugitive bondman by the full power of her sovereignty, will she be able truly to respect herself or to command the respect of the civilized world.

While we rejoice in all that has been done through political instrumentalities to promote the cause of freedom, and will continue to rejoice in whatever of good may be achieved by such means, we are constrained to declare that our main reliance for the success of that cause is upon the MORAL AGITATION by which truth is persistently applied to the hearts and consciences of the people, and the wickedness of slavery fearlessly exhibited in the light of the divine law of humanity. The American Anti-Slavery Society and its auxiliaries have our sympathy and hearty coöperation in the work to which they have been so long and so faithfully devoted, and we hope that they may not be turned aside from their purpose until victory shall crown their efforts and liberty be proclaimed throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.

#### CASTE.

One of the bitterest fruits of slavery in our land is the cruel spirit of caste, which makes the complexion even of the free negro a badge of social inferiority, exposing him to insult in the steamboat and the rail-car, and in all places of public resort, not even excepting the church—banishing him from remunerative occupations, expelling him from the legislative hall, the magistrate's bench and the jury-box, and crushing his noblest aspirations under a weight of prejudice and proscription which he struggles in vain to throw off. Against this un-Christian and hateful spirit we are constrained to enter our earnest and heartfelt protest, and to entreat all those whom it is our privilege to address to give it no countenance, but to testify against it both by precept and example.

#### COEQUALITY OF WOMAN.

The Woman's Rights movement has now, as heretofore, our hearty sympathy. We rejoice in the evidences of its progress which meet us on every side, in the altered tone of the press, in the increasing facilities afforded for the education of woman, and in the wider avenues of profitable industry that are opening before her. It is our firm conviction that the best interests of the human family would be promoted by the admission of women to an equal voice with men in making and administering the laws, by giving them the highest advantages of education, by opening to them all the avenues of professional life, and by guaranteeing to them equal property-rights with men. To deprive them of these rights and advantages, upon any plea of intellectual inferiority, or of reverence for authority, custom or precedent, is tyranny. The subjection of the wife to the authority of the husband is destructive of domestic happiness. There are few among us who have not witnessed some painful illustration of this truth. Examples may be found in almost every neighborhood of wives crushed by the tyranny of husbands, and subjected to the most degrading annoyances and exactions, for which the law affords no remedy. The wife submits, in many cases, only because she is pecuniarily dependent on the husband, having no legal claim to the estate which her labor, no less than his, has helped to acquire, and being obliged in consequence to endure the wretchedness thus entailed upon her, or to go out into the world, without a roof to cover her head, to face the ills and bear the burdens of abject poverty. The wife who "guides the house" has a common right with the husband who manages the farm, the shop, or the store, to the use and control of the property acquired by their joint exertions. Many husbands, apparently unconscious of this self-evident truth, treat their wives, not as equals, but as dependents upon their bounty. We fear that some of those even who have professed assent to the general doctrines of woman's rights are yet unconsciously, and from the force of habit, acting on the assumption that their wives are their servants rather than their peers. There is need, even among reformers, of a constant reiteration of sound doctrine on this important subject; and this need will not have passed away until a radical change has been wrought in public opinion and our laws are made to conform to the principles of justice and equality.

#### WAR.

Of all the evils which mankind have brought upon themselves, none is more appalling in its effects, or more inconsistent with the spirit of human brotherhood, than war. That beings created in the image and likeness of God, endowed with immeasurable capacities of reason and affection, and fitted for happiness in devotion to one another's welfare, should so "debase their heavenly birth" as deliberately to array themselves, nation against nation, in bloody conflict, killing one another by wholesale, is as astonishing as it is lamentable. Wars and fightings, according to the Apostle James, come of "the lusts which war in your members"—in other words, from the dominance of the animal and selfish faculties over the moral and spiritual. They tend, in the nature of things, to brutalize humanity, to excite and foster every malign passion, and thus to undermine the foundations of private morality and public welfare.

There can be no greater delusion than to suppose that the cause of human liberty can be really and permanently promoted by war. Our higher nature earnestly responds to the admonitions of Scripture: "Recompense to no man evil for evil"; "Overcome evil with good"; "Resist not evil"; "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." In the words of a devoted philanthropist,* which commend themselves to us as words of truth and wisdom: "The weapons of death are the legitimate weapons of Despotism; while those of Liberty are thought, speech, intellectual enlightenment, protest, contumacy, non-conformity, untiring persistency, indomitable purpose, unconquerable will, moral rebellion, abiding faith in the right, the divine spirit of martyrdom."

It is worse, doubtless, to submit, *in a servile and cowardly spirit*, to the burdens and exactions of tyranny, than to resist them by bloody means; but to endure oppression, however cruel, in the spirit of meekness, and, while protesting against it in the name of justice and humanity, to refrain from retaliation and violence, is the highest effort of courage, the noblest exhibition of a godlike and manly character. The human race may have advanced more rapidly and surely through a bloody resistance to tyranny than it could have done through a pusillanimous and slavish submission; but we believe its progress in intelligence, morality and happiness would have been still greater, if the friends of truth and freedom, respecting the awful sanctity of human life, had used no other weapons than those which an Apostle of the Christian faith has declared to be "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds."

#### "THE GREAT REVIVAL."

While we would not be slow to recognize any good that may have been incidentally effected thereby, we must, on the whole, regard as deceptive and spurious the "Great Revival of Religion" which has lately swept like an epidemic over the land. That such is its character is manifest to us, because it is a revival of the prevailing and popular religion of the country—a religion which sanctions slavery, war and other abounding iniquities; because it is well-pleasing to pulpit recreancy, Church corruption, sectarian exclusiveness, political self-seeking and pro slavery brutality; and because it inculcates false views of God and of man, and is calculated to augment the power of priestcraft and superstition. The friends of religion and common sense should be stimulated thereby to greater earnestness and fidelity in their efforts for the diffusion of light and truth and the promotion of practical righteousness.

I also send you a copy of a letter addressed to the meeting by Mr. Garrison:

BOSTON, May 28, 1858.

MY DEAR FRIEND: The recollection of what I saw, what I heard, what I enjoyed at your last annual meeting, makes my heart throb with such pleasurable emotions that I know not how to be absent from your approaching anniversary. But circumstances constrain me to remain at home, and I can only send you all my loving remembrances and fervent benediction.

As a matter of friendly accommodation, I have consented to act as a substitute for my friend Theodore Parker, in Music Hall, on Sunday next—not to fill his place, of course, for who but himself can do that? but to make it convenient for him to be with you. Of his rare culture, his scholarly proficiency, his mental force, his liberal mind, his philanthropic and progressive spirit, and his massive brain (in which a whole Alexandrian library of knowledge appears to be stored, not for mere ornament or selfish accumulation, but for constant use and circulation), I need say nothing. He is too widely known in Christendom to need an introduction in any part of it. He has been with you before, and you will deem it a high privilege to have him with you again.

I take it for granted that the noble testimonies borne at your last gathering will be substantially reiterated this year, with whatever emphasis and enlargement the times may seem to require. But let us remember that we live in deeds, not in words. Let us be careful to lay down no principle to violate it ourselves, or to wink at its violation in others. Moral consistency of action is, alas! very difficult to be found, and not very easy to attain; yet it remains eternally true that we cannot serve God and Mammon, nor embrace Christ and Belial, at the same time. Wherever duty points the way, there let us walk unfalteringly, nor dread the lions that may threaten to devour us. Let our song be, "God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea."

Yours, fraternally, WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

The growth of the religious movement inaugurated by the Progressive Friends, only five or six years ago, affords a striking illustration of the prevailing discontent with the popular sectarianism and the general thirst for better spiritual food than that afforded by Churches bottomed on a dead orthodoxy and having no heart for the living questions of this day and time.

Yours, truly, W.

* William Lloyd Garrison.

RECOVERY OF FUGITIVE SLAVES.—On the first page the reader will find a report of the excitement attending the pursuit and recovery of five slaves, who lately attempted to make their escape from Petersburg, Va., in the schooner Keziah, Capt. Wm. Baylis, of Brandywine, Delaware. Every friend of humanity must feel the deepest sympathy with the unfortunate slaves, and with the Captain of the schooner, whose unsuccessful effort to confer upon them the ardently coveted boon of freedom will probably result in a life-long imprisonment. The wife and children of the poor man are, we understand, left in very trying circumstances. We trust that no effort will be wanting to alleviate their distress.

In another part of the same page will be found an account of the capture of a slave who had been secreted at Norfolk, in a vessel named the Francis French, and of the excitement that followed the return of the vessel, the slave, the Captain and the crew. The people of Norfolk were excited to that pitch of indignation which prepared them to resort to the Lynch code for a redress of their grievances. Capt. Loveland, we fear, can hardly escape the penitentiary, and perhaps some of the crew also will fall victims to slaveholding vengeance. It may be very "imprudent" thus to aid the efforts of slaves to break their galling yoke, but every friend of freedom must instinctively wish that every such effort may be crowned with success, and be deeply pained by every failure.

THE CHIVALRY ON CHARLES MACKAY.—The Petersburg (Va.) *Express* is highly indignant at the conduct of Mr. Charles Mackay, and rejoices at the announcement of his departure homeward. The great song-writer apparently escaped from the South in good time, if the hints of this chivalrous and choleric journalist are to be taken without discount. The *Express* says:

"No foreigner who has visited this country has practised more duplicity with us than this same Charles Mackay. Even while he was in the very heart of the South, begging Southern citizens to give him 50 cents per head for listening to his miserable trash, that rare piece of doggerel about a ship load of human flesh coming aboard the steamer at Memphis was on its way to London for publication. The writer was cunning enough, and smart enough, however, to forbid its publication before he could get out of the Southern country. Had that poetry reached New Orleans before Mackay left, an outraged and incensed people would have

'Taken his body to the 'Mississip,'
And therein have given it a dip,
That would have made the flunkey rip,
Throughout all the balance of his trip.

"Our poetic readers will excuse the metre, but it is as good as Mackay's doggerel, 'Coming down the Mississip.'"

HON. JOHN P. HALE will accept our thanks for the Sixth and Seventh Volumes of the Explorations and Surveys for a Railroad from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean.

## *THE RELATION OF SLAVERY TO A REPUBLICAN FORM OF GOVERNMENT.*

### SPEECH OF REV. THEODORE PARKER,

*At the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, in Boston, May 26th*, 1858.

[Concluded.]

Look a moment more at this constitutional guarantee. It is often said, "The People of the United States, as a whole, have no right to meddle with the local institutions of any special State"; that each is "absolutely sovereign." But, then, what does this constitutional guarantee mean? Are these mere words of ceremony? Nobody can believe it. "They are plain, without scruple; absolute, without any saving." Other constitutional provisions also trench upon the local sovereignty of individual States, and were wisely objected to at the time of framing that instrument. The Federal Authority has no right to interfere and establish a Monarchical or an Aristocratic Form of Government, but it is its constitutional duty to interfere and establish a Republican Form of Government. The People wisely contemplated this contingency—that some State shall fail to establish such institutions, or carry out the Principles of the Declaration, and the Purposes of the Constitution; and so they enacted this very clause, to meet the emergency when it should happen. The words are no more a ceremony than those (Art. I., sec. viii., ¶ 4) which declare that Congress shall have power to establish a bankrupt law; or (Art. III., sec. iii., ¶ 2) to punish treason. Nay, this article goes further—for it *imperatively enjoins the duty*, while they only *confer the power*; it says: "The United States *shall guarantee* to every State in this Union a Republican Form of Government. It is not *can*, or *may*, but *shall*; not the word of permission, but of COMMAND!

"A Republican Form of Government," says another, "is any Form of Government which a sovereign State sees fit to adopt." Let us suppose, then, that a few rich and educated men in the State of Delaware should have their *Coup d'Etat*, destroy their present institutions, and establish a theocratic despotism, with an absolute Pope, the monarchy hereditary in his family, his children numerous as those of a Roman (Celibate) Pontiff; that he should be the sole lawgiver in the little State, appointing all the local officers, and likewise the one Representative and the two Senators in Congress! would that be a "Republican Form of Government"? Would Congress allow the creatures of this Napoleon the Little to sit in the Capitol, as equals of the Democrats of Wisconsin, New York, Ohio, New England? Not a day! Nay, the People of the United States would soon take this Delaware Pope and his one-horse concern of a monarchy, and pitch them into the sea, and establish a Republican Form of Government with a rough hand! But which, think you, is most at variance with the Principles of the Declaration and the Purposes of the Constitution—a despotic Papacy, which deprives men only of political and ecclesiastical rights, or Slavery, which deprives men of all rights—ecclesiastical, political, social, domestic, individual?

Make the case still more plain. There are four million slaves in the United States. Suppose they were all gathered into one State, Virginia—it would not be so densely populated as the State of New York is now; it would have only about a third as many to the square mile as Massachusetts. Suppose there were only free men enough in the State to rule the slaves, say forty thousand; suppose they all belonged to one man, Hon. Mr. First Family, and he owned all the real property in the State, made all the laws, and appointed his two Senators and pack of Representatives to Congress: would Virginia have a Republican Form of Government? Would the rest of the nation tolerate that state of things, and allow one man to own four million men, and claim a proportionate power in Congress? The absurdity is evident—self-evident. I make no words on that matter.

Suppose those four millions slaves, condensed into that one State, are owned by *two* men, does that alter the case? Certainly not; the difference is only quantitative—not in kind, but degree. Suppose they are all owned by 2,000 men, 20,000, 350,000—the actual number of slaveholders—does that alter the case? Not at all; the diffusion of ownership makes no odds in the essence of ownership. Certainly that State could not have a Republican Form of Government when there were 4,000,000 slaves owned by 350,000 masters.

But, suppose the slaves are diffused, and the 4,000,000 thus owned by 350,000 are spread over fifteen States: Does that make any difference in the Principle? Not the smallest in the world. If it be not consistent with the Declaration of Independence and of the Constitution for one man to own 4,000,000 men in a single State, and in virtue of that ownership to appoint all the delegates therefrom to Congress, then it is not consistent for 350,000 men to own 4,000,000 in fifteen States, and in virtue of that ownership to have a proportionate share in ruling the nation. It is no more consistent for the 350,000 to own one man, and debar him from those natural rights which Governments are instituted to secure, which the Revolution was fought to protect, and the Constitution framed to establish, than it is for one man to own 4,000,000.

But, if the matter is not yet quite clear, take one illustration more. In New England, we have a celebrated Democrat, who has held high offices, civil and military, under all the parties which have been in power since my boyhood. He declares that our fathers made a great mistake in setting up a Democracy with equal rights and universal suffrage: they ought to have founded a limited monarchy with an established church, a hereditary Peerage and its appropriate garnish. This famous man is just now alike the champion of Slavery and the Democratic party. Let us suppose he should preserve his historical continuity of deceit, and betray his new coadjutors as he has all his former helpers and friends—Whig, Free Soil and Republican; that he, with other men to aid him, should subdue all the unterrified Democrats of Massachusetts, including the new converts which the late revival of administrative Democracy has brought in at the eleventh hour, or only five minutes before twelve—hoping likewise to get "every man his penny" of national plunder; suppose he should enslave them all, and likewise all the Know-Nothings of the State, such as were born Know-Nothings, them also that were made Know-Nothings of men, and such likewise as have made themselves Know-Nothings for the kingdom of earth's sake; suppose he should, moreover, enslave all the foreign population, and reduce all these three great parties, Democrats, Know-Nothings and Foreigners, to "chattels personal to all intents, uses and purposes whatsoever." There are quarter of a million Foreigners: the Democrats, with their families, are at least as numerous; and, according to the census of the Know-Nothings, made by their late Governor, whose reputation for veracity is beyond all question, there are in the State at least 400,000, "to a mathematical certainty." Suppose the figures are correct, and this conqueror, by his *Coup d'Etat*, gains him 900,000 slaves, all of them white men, which he distributes among 1,000 of his fellows. Massachusetts has then a population of 900,000 slaves, and 300,000 or 400,000 freemen. Suppose, further, that the 1,000 slaveholders of Massachusetts, following the example of Virginia, desist from commerce and manufactures, let the fisheries slide, and pay little heed even to agriculture; but make it their chief business to breed white slaves for sale. And as, by the action of England and other powers of Christendom, the African trade declines, suppose Massachusetts acquires the monopoly of the business, has no competitor in the Atlantic, and sells her white chattels into bondage at Cuba and Brazil, as Virginia sends the parti-colored descendants of her first families to Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas and a market. Suppose our Democrat, old in apostatizing, becomes the King of Massachusetts—absolute monarch—"crushes out" all Freedom of the Press, the Pulpit, the Pen, the Lips or the Hand—appoints his servants to the local and the national offices—and sends appropriate men to represent him in the Capitol—some of the present ones would do well enough—would Congress admit them there?—would they consider that Massachusetts had a Republican Form of Government? We all know what the decision would be. But, is it more anti-Republican to reduce men to bondage than to keep them in it? Is it conformable to the self-evident truths of the Declaration to enslave a black man and not a white man? Is it consistent with the purposes of the Constitution to raise Africans for market in Virginia, and inconsistent therewith to raise Irishmen, Democrats, Know-Nothings for sale in Massachusetts? If the Constitution allows Virginia to deprive a single innocent black man of his natural right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, then it must equally allow Massachusetts also to rob white men of what the Revolution was fought to secure to both white and black!

Take another case. The Declaration of Independence sets forth the People's right to destroy an oppressive Government, and establish a new one which shall secure their safety and happiness. But neither in that paper nor yet in the Constitution do the People say that ethnologic origin or cutaneous color affects the self-evident rights of themselves and their posterity. Now, in South Carolina there are 395,000 Black men, and 274,000 White ones. The Africans have 121,000 majority in the State, but are wickedly oppressed. Suppose this majority should make a special application of this Principle of the Declaration, and should put the Whites where the Blacks are now—making them "chattels personal to all intents, uses and purposes whatsoever," and claim the additional number of Representatives in Congress on that account: would the Democrats acknowledge that South Carolina had a "Republican Form of Government" when such a majority enslaved such a minority? But, if "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," then what is a "Republican Form of Government" for the White minority to enslave the Black majority withal must be at least equally "Republican" for the majority to enslave the minority by.

Extreme cases make shipwreck of false interpretations. They are the roadstead where just principles can ride secure to embark their cargo or unload their freight. If we define a Republican Form of Government by the Constitution, and the Declaration, which is its prevenient Cause, then it is evident it must conform to the Revolutionary Programme of Principles, and the Constitutional Programme of Purposes. It must be a Government which secures all men in their natural, unalienable and equal right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness: such and such only! Now, as slavery is the denial of all these rights to the enslaved, as it makes the substance of the bondman an accident of the master, it is plain that slavery is utterly incompatible with a Republican Form of Government—that no slave State has a Republican Form of Government; that there are fifteen States in the Union to which the Federal Power has not performed the Constitutional duty which it is solemnly bound to perform. Any slave in the Union has a Constitutional claim that Congress shall fulfil this obligation—set him free, and secure his natural, unalienable and equal right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

But there is one argument more against this definition of a Republican Form of Government—viz., this: "The classic and the mediæval Republics allowed slavery—therefore it is not inconsistent with a Republic now—nay, it is indispensably necessary; there can be no Republic without slavery." But these ancient governments had no such Declaration of Principles and of Purposes as our fathers started with; they laid down no great platform of natural Rights for all men. The argument for slavery derived from the constitution of these ancient governments is of no more value than the similar argument from their rapacity, their cruelty, or the oppression of the Plebeians at Rome, who were yet not slaves. The degradation of man in the ancient republics is no more to be copied as essential to that form of Government than the degradation of woman. A constitutional representative democracy did not exist in the old times. Abuses in Greece, in Italy, in Germany, Switzerland, Holland, are no universal warrant for wickedness in America. I know there are men in Virginia and South Carolina who quote Aristotle and Cicero in favor of American slavery; they seem to have read the translations of these authors only to get arguments against the natural rights of mankind. Similar men have studied the Old Testament but to find out that Abraham was a slaveholder, that Moses authorised bondage; and to have read the New only to find divine inspiration in the words of Paul, which they wrest into this: "Slaves, obey your masters!" If they have the Christian Religion and the Spirit of Humanity against them, they have the Hon. Edward Everett on their side.

Besides, in a Progressive people there must be a progressive interpretation of many institutions and statutes. Thus the laws of England did not change, but ship-money became illegal; and slavery perished by an interpretation. No number of decisions by learned Judges, no royal usage, no popular acquiescence for centuries, could withstand the demand for natural Justice made by the increased knowledge, virtue and humanity of the progressive People. At London, Mr. Bernard has just been tried under laws which have put the halter round a hundred necks; no doubt he did the deed charged on him, but a London Jury righteously acquits the man. The Chief Justice of the King's Bench, who presided at the trial, in another post, has done much to promote this moralization of the law, by expounding it to suit the humane spirit of an enlightened age, and the moral purpose of Law itself, which, as Hooker says, "has its seat in the bosom of God."

But I need not cross the seas for examples of this progressive moralization of institutions and of statutes. In the Amendments to the Constitution, Art. VIII., it is provided that "cruel and unusual punishment shall not be inflicted." If Congress should decree the punishment of crucifixion against all who aid a fugitive slave, could that torture be justified as neither cruel nor yet "unnatural," because it had been common in the Roman "Republic," or because Alexander—the pupil of Aristotle, the most thinking man in the most democratic of ancient "Republics"—for no offence at all once crucified two thousand captive Tyrians in a single day! In the time when the People made the Constitution, some of the States punished certain offences by branding with a hot iron, by cropping the ears, and other mutilations even more atrocious. Suppose Congress should pass a law inflicting the most odious of those tortures on defaulters, on members of Congress whom the President openly bribes to vote against the well-known principles of justice, is there any man who would justify that punishment by declaring that once it was "usual," and would not now be considered "cruel"? No doubt there are such men in New York. I know there are in Boston—but the People do not go to the cess-pools of society to find a test of right and wrong.

I think the form of indenture for apprentices to the business of the goldsmith in England, as far back as the fourteenth century, provided that the youth should receive "sufficient instruction." Suppose a lad is apprenticed now by the same form of indenture, and the master gives him just that amount of "instruction" which was "sufficient" for a goldsmith's apprentice then, and no more, is there a jury in America that would justify the master's neglect on the technical plea that he had done all "the worshipful company of Goldsmiths in London" would require, five hundred years ago?

If, in Boston, a surgeon should amputate a lady's arm at the elbow, and plunge the stump in boiling pitch to stanch the blood, and she should die of the operation, and he were indicted for manslaughter, could he justify his malpractice by showing that such was the common method before the time of Hippocrates, and was recommended by that great master of the ancient art?

In Article I. of the Amendments to the Constitution, it is provided that Congress shall not prohibit *the free exercise of religion*. The District of Columbia is under the exclusive jurisdiction of Congress. There are Catholics in it. Suppose a company of Catholics should burn a heretic alive, as they have done many a thousand times, and as some of their writers declare they will again, as soon as they have the power, could they justify themselves on the ground that it was a part of their religion to do so; quote the old English statute *de Hæretico comburendo*, and adduce a long list of precedents, running back to the fifth century, and appeal to this clause of the Constitution? Suppose the present "revival of religion" should work southward, and by some "special miracle" should incline the heart of one of the great Southern Senators who are champions of slavery to a particular act of his new zeal. Suppose he should sacrifice his son as a burnt-offering; let us suppose it was not his only son, not even the son of his wife, but of a bond-woman—the Patriarch is imitated in more particulars than one. When brought to trial for the wilful murder, could he justify it by appealing to this clause of the Constitution, declaring it was in the free *exercise of his religion* that he did the deed, following the example of the mythical Patriarch, to whom the mere intention was "imputed for righteousness"; and declaring that he who had done the deed was as much more "righteous" than Abraham as Works are better than Faith, which cannot be seen without them? I doubt that a jury would acquit him on that constitutional defence, for there has been some little progress in the idea of Religion since the days when it was thought that God delighted in human sacrifice!

Our own institutions are continually modified by the spirit of the age, nay, even by the party that controls the nation for the time. Need I mention the conflicting judgments of Expounders of the Constitution in regard to a Bank, a Protective Tariff, Internal Improvements, and the like. "Contemporary exposition," says the maxim, "is the strongest of all." It is only a rope of sand, which binds no man. Jefferson's "exposition" was old enough to be "contemporary" in law; he thought the Constitution did not justify the acquisition of new territory, and recommended an amendment to stay the purchase of Louisiana. Who believes it now? It has been the settled practice as well as the consistent theory of the American Government, to regard colored freemen as citizens of the United States. All at once, the Supreme Court repels the "contemporary exposition," and overthrows the

established principles of law. There has been a progressive demoralization of the Constitution, and no wonder men should cry out against a plain application of one of its most valuable provisions!

Of course, I do not suppose that this guarantee of a Republican form of Government applies merely to the liberation of slaves: one day, the humanity and knowledge of the age will decide that the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution itself are adequate to secure the national rights of WOMEN not less than men. But let us take one step at a time: so shall we be ready for the next.

It is not only unconstitutional, it is also most dangerous to admit that slavery is consistent with a Republican form of Government. The South claims a constitutional right to that anti-republican institution. In her own affairs, the North decides against it, and casts it away with scorn and loathing: but she forgets the sacred obligation of the Constitution, its solemn guarantees, and allows the minority of the South to have their wicked way at home. See the pernicious consequences. In each Southern State there has grown up a hateful Oligarchy, a Few-men-power; it is not an Aristocracy—the rule of the best, but a Kakistocracy—the rule of the worst—of the worst rules of conduct, if not the worst conductors. There is a privileged class, with the odious monopoly of making property of men.

The few slaveholders rule the majority in all the Southern States—they own the blacks, they overpower the poor whites. While enriching themselves, they yet impoverish the community and the State; they hinder education; they debauch and demoralize the People. They control the nation. It is their creatures who hold the Federal offices, and rule the North. They invade the local rights of the Northern States—in the examples I have already given and many more. If the North makes the laws, the South appoints the Judges, who can unmake them by their exposition. The Supreme Court is a *judicial revolver* in the Southern hand—or is it rather only a bludgeon?

It is painful to see the increase of central power, and the decay of local self-government. Northern State rights are trod down to the dust beneath the hoof of the Federal power. Slavery is the cause of this vicious centralization. Since the Alien and Sedition laws were made, intended to gag men, I think of no advance towards despotism except what has been made by the Slave Power to defend its peculiar institution. The guarantee of a Republican Form of Government is a security against centralization of power. It is the People's command to establish local self-government in every State by the Principles of the Declaration and for the Purposes of the Constitution.

Northern men are strangely unfaithful. They do not attack slavery itself. I think there is now no political party in the United States which declares itself hostile to slavery. It is only the incidents or the accidents of slavery which the Republican party opposes. They cry out against "extension of slavery," not against the existence of slavery itself. So they have measures without a Principle. Commissioner Loring, while Judge of Probate for Suffolk County, kidnapped a man and sent him back to slavery; he put off the widows and orphans who came to his Court, thinking the sacrifice of a man was more to be desired than mercy or even justice. The State was moved with indignation, and sought to hurl the unjust Judge from the office he disgraced. After many delays, shufflings and dodgings, the matter was brought before a Republican Governor, who removed him, but took pains to declare that he did not do this because her Loring had kidnapped a man—"no official opinion of his entering into my consideration of the question, and no official act constituting an element in the judgment I have formed."

Thus the Republican party fails to satisfy the moral sense of the People, and to command the respect of the merely thoughtful, who, if they do not feel justly or love mercy, can yet see inconsistency, and despise measures which are bottomed on no principle, and scorn the men who are false alike to their convictions and their opportunities. Thus in the late Presidential campaign the party nominated for its champion a man never before identified with its principles, or even devoted to its measures. Hence, fortunate for itself, it was defeated. No Political Party has yet a platform high enough to command a full view of the field, or lift its representatives up to such a moral elevation as shall draw the eyes of all good men.

It is clear what we ought to do—the North must declare "SLAVERY NOT TO BE TOLERATED IN A REPUBLICAN FORM OF GOVERNMENT. NO PROPERTY IN MAN. IMMEDIATE ABOLITION. NO SLAVE STATE IN THE UNION." We shall come to that by and by, not all at once—little by little—step by step, not by a jump. *Nihil saltatim, omne gradatim*, is good Latin. Already the People look that way. What they want is a LEADER, who is not only intellectually sharp, but also morally just. Mere intellect, looking only after what is profitable for to-day, can never see Justice, God's idea of what is profitable to all men, and forever; while yet a conscientious woman will know it at once, and can give the counsel which would save a State. The nice ear, laid to the ground, hears the airy footstep of the thunder, when a great ways off; yet it never sees the Rainbow, close at hand, which yet every clear-eyed boy in the farmer's barn-yard looks on with wonder, delighted at that handsome angel who tells him the storm is over and gone! Each faculty has its function; those of cunning and conscience are not the same.

In 1787, the People of the United States tolerated slavery as a Measure—all the States had it then, save Massachusetts alone, as I think—though Mr. Hale adds also New Hampshire, and I wish he may be as correct here as he is commonly right elsewhere. But the People of the United States never admitted slavery as a Principle. So, not only in the Declaration do they lay down maxims, the norm of Institutions, and in the Constitution the norm of Statutes and Customs, do they also propose purposes utterly destructive of Property in man, but in the Constitution they would not tolerate the word Slave or Bondman, lest they should be thought to admit, as a permanent principle of Politics, what they only tolerated for the moment as a measure of necessity.

But, after the People, in their weakness or wickedness, had admitted slavery as a measure, then the Southern States got possession of the Government, claimed that slavery was a Principle, a Constitutional Principle, a necessary Principle, and developed it into numerous measures hostile to the self-evident Truths our fathers fought for, and subversive of all the great Purposes for which they built the Union up. Slavery is a Principle—the special Principle of the Southren States—the distinctive Shibboleth thereof. But Freedom is also a Principle—the distinctive Principle of our Revolutionary and our Constructive Purpose. The two cannot long continue in the same Government. The People cannot go backwards to Slavery, and the despotic ruin which that abuts on, and at the same time go forward to Freedom, and the manifold welfare it leads to. America cannot have Regress and Progress at the same time.

There is one great Political question before the American People—"Is Slavery consistent with the Republican form of Government which the Revolution was fought to secure, and the Union established to found?" Parties represent the tendencies of the People. They are experiments, guide-boards, to point this way or that. There is no political party whose finger indicates the road to that true Republican Government which should realize the Principles and Purposes of those great documents of the People. It is only on this platform that these gravest of all matters can be discussed; nowhere else are they looked fairly in the face. But still the question forces itself into the Politics of the nation, of every State, of each considerable town, nay, into all the theological sects. The slaveholders and their vassals, North and South, loudly declare, "Slavery is essential to the Republican form of Government." The rest of the nation feel that Freedom is the essential of a Republic, yes, of all continuous Progress, and of all sure Welfare, but they dare not say so yet. What cowards we are!

Hence the best institutions of the North are an object of continual attack. The South (I mean the slaveholders) hate the North, hate her Republican Principles, hate her Democratic Purposes, her Progress, hate her Welfare, hate her best men! They seek to ruin us. Forty years ago, they made a tariff to ruin the commerce of the North; then they unmade it, to ruin our manufactures. The Senatorial executive repeals the Bounty paid to the Northern fisheries; Mr. Boyce, of South Carolina, proposes to abolish all custom-houses, and collect the nation's revenue by a direct tax. I also wish the plan might succeed, and will do all in my little power to help the work. But while I would recommend this as a great Principle of Democracy, which will deprive the Federal Government of the means of corruption, the Hon. Senator from the State of Bully Brooks and Keitt designs it only as an oligarchic Measure of Revenge, meant to harm the North. That stone thrown into the air would fall back on the Southern head, and destroy half the army and navy of the nation, and crush out of sight I know not how many political officeholders.

I say the Federal Government greatens at the expense of the Northern States. Every increase of that central power enlarges the courage, the strength and the malignant insolence of your Southern masters. Listen to Senator Hammond; the New England men are slaves; you and I are slaves; but, alas! we have no masters bound to take care of us when sick and old. Compare the last four Administrations—that of Polk, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan; see with what accelerated velocity they descend towards slavery.

What efforts have been made by the Slave Power to prevent the people of Kansas from establishing a Republican form of Government! what monstrous money has been spent to enslave Kansas! what efforts are making still! The battle between Freedom and Slavery is now waging there. The question is now before her people, "Will you make a Republican form of Government, or take the anti-Republican which the Slave Power seeks to force on you with the bayonet?" The Measure is of great importance, the Principle of yet more. There are two plans of action for the people there to choose between.

I. The wicked plan—to accept the Lecompton Constitution, take the bribe of English's bill, come into the Union as a slave State; then repudiate that Constitution and make a new one prohibiting slavery. This course will be recommended by political jobbers, land-speculators, and many men who have axes to grind; but it is wrong, it is impracticable, and liable to defeat at every step; it is not likely to succeed, and is disgraceful if it prosper.

II. The just plan—to vote down the Lecompton Constitution, repudiate English's bill, organize under the new Leavenworth Constitution, and appeal to the freemen of the North. There will be no violence offered by the Federal Government. A new election of Representatives to Congress takes place next autumn. Then the Northern men who voted for Mr. English's bill to force the Lecompton Constitution on Kansas, will go where they who voted for Douglas's Kansas-Nebraska bill were driven at the subsequent elections. The new House of Representatives will come together in December, 1859, fresh from the people. Some advantageous changes will have taken place in the Senate; unitary New England will count twelve in the column of Freedom! Kansas will apply for admission as a free State; Mr. Buchanan, unpopular, going out of power, will not be able to scare men, coax, or even to buy them as now. The House of Representatives will accept the new State, and offer her a richer dowry than the Slave Power now tries to tempt her with. The Senate will seek to settle the Kansas difficulty before the Presidential election of the next year, and so will gladly admit her. Kansas will lose nothing but a little time, and that loss will be a gain to the Anti-Slavery party of the North.

Within a few days, Minnesota has become a State; Oregon will soon come within the ring; Kansas cannot long be kept out. All these will be Anti-Slavery States. While Territories, they are necessarily kept tied to the politics of the administration party; but when independent States, their individual character will straightway appear. Soon there will be a majority of Senators hostile to Slavery. I think we shall never see another slave State added to the Union, nor another slavery-President defiling the Capitol. After long waiting for "something to turn up," Mr. Everett, it seems, has now nominated himself for the highest American office, and put himself on the country. Guided by the "Southern matron"—a woman from the Bludgeon State, who had never a husband nor even a child—this professional rhetorician has gone down to the electioneering deep to do (fishing) business in the great waters. With the cold lead of his charity sermon for sinker, and a small piece of General Washington's dead body as bait, he casts his line upon all waters, bobbing for the Presidency! But, alas! I think he will toil all the night of his old age, and catch nothing, for the South has just repealed the bounty on Northern fisheries. Instead of the spoils of that deep, he will take only an "anodyne," and serve but to "point a moral and adorn a tale." No, Mr. Chairman, I think we shall never have another slavery-President. That creature has been weighed in the balance, and found wanting; his days are numbered, and will be finished soon. No victory of the Slave Power enures to the advantage of that Power. The Mexican War, the Fugitive Slave bill, the Kansas-Nebraska bill, the English bill, they are four jumps of this frog in the well—each time he went up a foot, but slid down three more before he leaped again! Slave-President Pierce came into power with a vast majority—he went out with more; slave-President Buchanan could not get the People's vote—he is a minority President! But what power he had last December, a majority of twenty-two in the House of Representatives! What is it now? Where will it be in December, 1859? where will he and his party be in December, 1860?

Slavery is immoral; it is also unconstitutional. It must be put down by the social action of the People—if not by Local Self-government in the Southern States, then by the Federal Arm of the whole nation—peaceably if they will, forcibly if we must. The work of Abolition is moral in its substance; it is likewise political in its form. While from the stand-point of individual conscience, slavery is a WRONG—what ministers call a SIN—from that of American Politics, it is a denial of a Republican Form of Government, a repudiation of the Principles and purposes of the American People, solemnly set forth in both the Revolutionary and the Constructive Programme—the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. All Federal officers hold office under the Power of Attorney which the People swear them on; by that, Congress has no authority to establish slavery in any territory, to protect it any territory, or to allow it in any State; the President has none, the Supreme Court has none. Not a man in the United States is Constitutionally a slave; for the language of that Power of Attorney is imperative—the People command: "the United States SHALL guarantee to every State in this Union a Republican Form of Government."

Now, I often hear it asserted, by wise and good men, that the American people never will abolish slavery. They do not mean, I take it, the "never" of eternity, but the never of a very long period, say a thousand or five hundred years. Now, look at this. Within the last 360 years, three great questions have come up before the Anglo-Saxon People.

I. The first was the question of the 16th century. It was this—Shall the Pope of Rome rule the British Church, after his own sort, or shall the British People rule that Church—determine its doctrines, define its forms, and control its practice? At first, it seemed as if the British People must certainly succumb to the Roman Pope, for in his hand he had the armies, the treasure, the learning, the talent of Europe; the public opinion of the world was on his side. It took more than half a century, well-nigh a whole hundred years, to settle that great question and then the Pope was cast out from the four seas of England: from that day to this, he has been a heretic in Britain. That was the question of the 16th century in England, and thus did our fathers meet and answer it there.

II. In the 17th century, there came another question, equally terrible. It was this—Shall the Stuart kings control the British State, or shall it be amenable to the British People—King, Lords and Commons, with a Constitution bottomed on the people's consent. There, too, was an immense power opposed to the People, for the Stuarts had possession of the throne, they had the armies, the institutions, the talent, the treasure. The quarrel began in 1603, when James the First came to the crown; it did not end until 1688, when Britain cast James the Second clear over the sea, and his family have been "Pretenders" ever since. That strife lasted more than four score years, and it was decided in favor of progress, liberty and the rights of man.

But to settle that question, some of the ablest and most spiritual families in England must flee from their native land, and here find a home in the wilderness. So, while this question was getting settled, the American Colonies were at the same time getting planted. They grew up under the shadow of the American forest, wherein they started with nothing but their manhood in them, and the wilderness about them.

III. In the 18th century, they had grown a great and powerful people, then esteemed some two or three million strong. Then came the third great question—that of the 18th century—namely, Shall the American people be controlled by the British King and Parliament, or shall they make their own laws and found their own institutions, such as suit alike the instinct and consciousness of the People? Here, too, it seemed as if the power was all on one side, and only all the right on the other; for the British King had the navy and the army, he had officers, he had the institutions, he had the Church and the treasure, and of course he had the means to buy up young ambition, and control much energetic talent. That quarrel began in 1758, and it was not settled until 1783. But here, too, the same spirit prevailed, and the American People answered that question as all the three others had been settled, in favor of progress and the rights of man.

IV. Now, in the 19th century, with the same race of men, there comes up this terrible question, likewise to be passed on by the same people—Shall the American Republic be a Democracy, guaranteeing to every man his "natural, essential, inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," or shall it degenerate down into a despotism, where property in man is recognized as sacred, and that despotism spread itself until every footstep of Democracy is wiped clean out of the continent. Now, as before, the chances seem to be against us; for the Slave Power has got possession of the Government, it controls the Church likewise, it has the army and navy, and it holds the mighty treasure of this continent, and it has the means to buy up young ambition, and take aspiring talent in its hand. But the Anglo-Saxon blood is still the same as it was in the 18th century, in the 17th, in the 16th, and it will decide this question as each of those others—in favor of progress and the rights of man. A nation, a great tribe of men, does not lose its historic continuity of action, unless it grows feeble either by natural or premature decay, or mingles an excess of other ethnological elements in its veins, and so corrupts its blood, and perishes. The American people has done neither the one nor the other. It is not old enough either maturely or prematurely to perish by decay, and it has not yet filtered bad blood enough into its veins to change its character. Depend upon it, we shall do as our great grandfathers did in Britain in the 16th century; as our grandfathers in Britain did in the 17th century, as our fathers in America did in the 18th century.

But, alas! each of these three great questions was settled by war. Yet, it seemed at first the evil might be abolished by peaceful arbitrament. Surely, there were historical precedents and theological doctrines enough in the 16th century to have given the People of Britain control over their own Church; in the 17th century, there was law enough to secure Britain a constitutional and limited government; and in the 18th century, our fathers had enough charters, statutes, customs on their side, and still more, enough Right, to enable them to settle the question, we should suppose, peacefully, and without drawing the sword. But the party that was to be overcome, the party that must yield, in the 16th century, in the 17th, in the 18th, was the same that held the purse in its left hand, and the sword in its right hand, and when did such a party ever yield until that purse was clutched back, and that sword was taken to cleave the tyrant down from crown to groin? Never yet.

The time, I think, has passed by when the great American question of the 19th century could have been settled without bloodshed. In 1850, it was possible. It may be that in 1854, when the Kansas-Nebraska question was before Congress, there was still a chance for a peaceful settlement of the matter. But as that opportunity has been lost, I think, now, this terrible question must be settled, as all the preceding ones, by violence and the sword. I deplore it exceedingly. I hate war, but injustice worse than war. Had I lived in the sixteenth century, I would have entreated the Pope, and when he would not have been supplicated with words, I would have persuaded him with the battle-axe. In the seventeenth century, I would have argued, and quoted Magna Charta, customs, statutes; and when the Tyrant would not yield, I would have shown him, what Cromwell also taught, that kings, too, had a joint in their necks, and that the people could find it. In the eighteenth century, I would have petitioned, and remonstrated, and cast "myself at the foot of the throne," as our fathers did: but when spurned from the throne, I would have done as they did, cast my pewter spoons and platters into bullets, sold my last load of hay to buy a musket, beaten my ploughshare into a sword, and said "Liberty first, ploughing afterwards." So, in the nineteenth century, sad as it is, I think we must come at last to that same issue.

New England, Massachusetts—I do not know what there is in her blood, but there is this in her history, that all the great ideas which have made their fortune in America, and which at the same time have also made America's fortune, they are New England ideas, Massachusetts ideas. There was something in the blood of those Puritans who planted themselves on these shores which gave their descendants a power of ideas and a power of action, such as no people before our time has ever had. It was Massachusetts that took the initiative in the great strife of the eighteenth century; it is Massachusetts that has taken the initiative in the greater strife of the nineteenth century. Wherever the Platform of Freedom is laid down, it is New England men, Massachusetts men who stand up thereon. It may be in New York, in Washington, in Cincinnati, in Philadelphia, in California—no matter where, it is New England blood that is there; it is New England's voice that speaks. Here, too, this great work began, here let the first decisive step be taken.

There are two things I want Massachusetts to do. A few years ago, Charles Sumner was railed at in the Senate because he had sworn to support the Constitution of the United States, and was asked how he could do that. He said, "I support the Constitution of the United States as *I understand the Constitution* of the United States." They then asked him, "Would you do this thing?" "Yes." "Would you do that thing?" "Yes." "Would you return a fugitive slave?" I think it was Mr. Mason, or some of his coadjutors who asked that question—and Mr. Sumner said, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing!" There spoke the spirit of Massachusetts! Now, I want the State of Massachusetts to say to the South, "Is thy servant a dog, that she should return a fugitive slave?" I want Massachusetts to pass a law next winter, declaring that no fugitive slave shall ever be returned from her soil; but whatsoever fugitive slave sets his foot here, that fugitive slave is free, and the arm of Massachusetts, which holds the sword—*ense placidat, sub libertate quietum*—shall be stretched out over that man, and strike down whoever strikes at him. There is a resolution before this body which looks to that very purpose, and next autumn there will be a petition circulated before the People of Masachusetts, asking the Legislature to do that thing. I hope every man of you will put your names to it: I know every woman will, for the conscience of woman outruns the prudence, the intellect and the cunning of man, and I would follow her conscience rather than his cunning. Let us declare a Kidnapper's Court a "Nuisance." I say that solemnly, knowing what I say.

2. Then, I want the Legislature to instruct our Senators and request our Representatives in Congress to use all their influence to fulfil the guarantee in the 4th article of the Constitution, and secure "a Republican form of Government to every State in the Union."

Let Massachusetts do these two things, and you will see presently the other New England States follow. New York, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, Ohio, even Illinois and Indiana, will presently take the same ground; and if we go on in this way, it will not be long before slavery is abolished in this nation; and when the Declaration of Independence is read on the Fourth of July, 1876, there will not be a slave in the United States.

### DREADFUL TORNADO.

YOUNG AMERICA, Warren Co., Ill., June 1, 1858.
*To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

ON Sunday last, a most terrific whirlwind passed through the southern part of this county. Ellison, a neat little country village, seven miles south of this station, was literally swept from existence. I have just returned from the ruins, and such a spectacle as they present beggars description. Reports of such scenes are often exaggerated, but exaggeration is almost impossible in this case. Such complete destruction can hardly be realized. The town was built in a neat, substantial manner, on a rise of ground, in the corner of a fine grove of timber, which protected it on the south and west. The buildings, with two or three exceptions, were all on a street running east and west. It contained 14 dwelling houses, 2 stores, 1 hotel, 2 blacksmith shops, 1 tin shop, 1 harness shop, 1 wagon shop, 1 carpet shop, 1 school-house, beside other smaller buildings. Only three houses are left standing, one of them nearly ruined, and they owe their existence to being beyond the limits of the hurricane. The population is estimated at 150. Nearly every one was more or less bruised. The loss of life was great. Thirteen are already dead, and several more cannot survive their injuries. About 60 are badly hurt. It is wonderful a single soul escaped. In addition, ten houses on the prairie, southwest of the village, were demolished. A house at the stone quarry, 1½ miles from Ellison, was torn into pieces, five of the family killed, and three or four badly hurt.

The whirlwind seemed to pass in a north-easterly direction. Its track was about forty rods in width, and everything within these limits was swept as with the besom of destruction. The buildings were sucked up into the air and whirled into ten thousand pieces. To illustrate the force and power of the wind, let me state that a dressed stone door-step, 6 feet long, 2 feet wide and 1 foot thick, was taken up and carried 26 feet, by actual measurement. A piece of iron, weighing three or four pounds, that was wrenched from a carriage, was carried half a mile; oak sills that would weigh nearly a ton were blown twenty rods, and others of a lesser size were carried one hundred rods, and upwards. One man asserts that he was at one time fifty feet in the air. Another was carried out of a window of the hotel and landed some two hundred feet distant. He escaped with slight scratches. Eight horses were killed or too badly hurt to survive. Cows, calves, hogs, dogs, cats, fowls, and even rats, shared the same fate. The beautiful locust trees, from four to six inches in diameter, that lined the street, were stripped of everything, even to the bark, or torn from their roots and hurled with herculean force to the eastward. Every wagon in the place, new and old, was broken. The heavy iron axles of lumber-wagons were snapped as though they were pipe-stems, and every part literally smashed into pieces. Not even a spoke was left in the hubs. Every article of furniture was shivered into mere fragments. Books, beds, bedding and clothing were scattered in every direction, and nearly all utterly ruined. In fact nothing of scarcely any value was left. It swept everything into a mass of indiscriminate ruin. The loss of property is estimated at $100,000. Most of the inhabitants had their all invested in their houses and household goods. In one moment they were stripped of everything, even to the clothes upon their backs. Some were left absolutely naked. The physicians from Monmouth and other towns in the vicinity were on the spot as soon as possible after receiving the news. The wounded—such as could be moved—are distributed among the families near, and are receiving as much care as the circumstances of the case will admit. Provisions and clothing have been freely carried in from the neighboring towns, and a committee appointed to distribute them. Efforts are going to be made throughout the State for their relief. The survivors, many of them, are in a most destitute condition. Such a terrible visitation is almost unparalleled. It must be seen to be realized. The ruins are thronged with visitors, attracted thither by motives of humanity as well as curiosity. The whirlwind, as nearly as could be ascertained, began some fourteen miles distant; it moved with fearful velocity, leveling everything in its course. Occasionally it would rise, then descend again. When it chanced to strike the open prairie, the tough sod was torn up the whole width of its course. When it left Ellison, it rose and did not come down again till it passed Berwick, some ten miles distant. I could not learn the extent of the damage beyond. An old sea captain stopping in this place, who has followed the ocean twenty-six years, saw this cloud, remarked that there was trouble when that was passing. It resembled a water-spout at sea; I plainly saw it from this place. A heavy shower immediately followed it, as if more fully to complete the work of destruction.

D. B. A.

## Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, June 7th, 1858.

THE regret which we have all been feeling at the death of Dudley A. Tyng has not been diminished by any developments which have as yet been made on the part of those he left behind him; but rather the contrary. On the Sunday after his interment, the Rev. Mr. Prentice, Rector of the Epiphany, the church from which Mr. Tyng had been excluded, was permitted to occupy the vacant pulpit. He had offered his services, and they were not only not objected to by the vestry, but were accepted with expressions of grateful acknowledgment. Now, when it is remembered that Mr. Tyng denounced slavery as one of the most Heaven daring enormities, and when it is also borne in mind that Mr. Prentice is himself a slaveholder, counting his bondmen by the hundred, and that it was on account of his views on this subject he was chosen to supersede Mr. Tyng as Rector of the Epiphany, the act of admitting him to the privileges of the vacant pulpit, however intended, cannot but be regarded as a gross slur upon that good man's memory. It shows that Mr. Tyng was taken away too soon; that he had not yet had time to impart to his people any good degree of his own spirit, or to teach them successfully the first lessons of consistency and self-respect. How he would have regarded an act of this kind, or how he does now regard it, supposing that the spirits of just men made perfect are permitted to take cognizance of what passes here below, may be inferred from the following fact:

Mr. Tyng, a short time before his decease, was conversing with a friend on the subject of slavery, and the name of Mr. Prentice being introduced, the friend began to excuse him as a slaveholder who was in some respects exceptional. "He is very kind to his slaves," he said; "he extends to them a great many religious privileges; four of his slaves are themselves ministers of the Gospel, and these he permits to preach on his plantations without hindrance." "What!" said Mr. Tyng, indignantly starting to his feet, "not content with owning his own flesh and blood, does he hold as his property his own brethren in the Lord—his brethren in the Gospel ministry!" Such was the indignant outburst with which the plea for an exceptional slaveholder was greeted; and yet this same slaveholder is admitted to the privilege of preaching the first sermon in the indignant minister's vacant pulpit!

I have lately had occasion, as you know, to vindicate the duty of speaking only truth of the dead. Another occasion of a somewhat similar kind seems to demand a reiteration of the same doctrine; though in this case the application is different. Doctors of Divinity, as a general thing, like a pretext for abusing the Abolitionists; and whether it involves the necessity of eulogizing a pro-slavery minister of the law or defaming an anti-slavery minister of the Gospel, is all the same to them; they are bound to make the most of it. I have a letter before me, written by a highly respectable gentleman in the City of Washington, giving an account of a sermon delivered there by the Rev. Geo. D. Cummins, D.D., in which the grossest injustice is done to the memory of the noble Dudley A. Tyng, whose loss we are all deploring.

"Dr. Cummins took for his text," says the writer of the letter, "Acts 8: 2. After comparing the deceased with Stephen the Martyr, he went on to describe his liberality of sentiment, his perseverance in his holy work, his untiring diligence, in the most complimentary manner. He then spoke of his infancy, his tender conscience in childhood, his piety in youth, his preparation for the ministry, his ordination, the success of his ministry, &c., &c., in glowing terms—the facts of his statement being taken from a funeral sermon preached by the father of the deceased and published in the *Episcopal Recorder*. The discourse thus far was very impressive, and the people seemed deeply moved by it. But at this point he seemed called to diverge from the record, and for the remainder of his facts he drew upon an exuberant pro-slavery imagination. He alluded to Mr. Tyng's course on the question of slavery in terms of strong deprecation, and, among other things, said:

"'But in following this course, he seriously, *greatly*, AWFULLY erred! * * * It was a *very great error*. * * * Satan never invented a scheme more tempting, more terrible in its effects, than that of enticing Churches to trench upon the forbidden ground of politics. * * * *But I believe he lived to regret it* [his having preached that sermon]. *He never opened his lips on the subject more.*'

"There was much more," continues the writer, "of the same kind, which made my blood boil with indignation, and my whole feelings, which were at first favorable to the speaker, undergo a revulsion. I considered the sermon a cruel and slanderous defamation of the dead. It was an insult to the memory of a noble and devoted man, and it was offered by a craven priest to make sure his position in the sympathy of a slaveholding people."

Your readers will need no assurance that the above quoted assertions of Dr. Cummins, so justly characterized by the writer of the letter, are entirely without foundation. Mr. Tyng did not regret that sermon, and he did not afterwards remain silent on the topic of slavery. On the contrary, in another sermon, delivered to a large congregation, the subject of which, it had been announced, would be "The Sin of Oppression," he took occasion to say, of his first offending discourse, that he "would not erase a single line or take back a single word"—that "subsequent reflection had confirmed his belief in the truth and justice of all he had said." But, as Dr. Cummins seems to belong to the school which holds that all men have rights, "except niggers," perhaps he maintains, as a corollary of this doctrine, that it is always proper to "speak well of the dead"—*unless he's an Abolitionist.*

There is nothing going on hereaways, politically or otherwise, which occurs to me as worthy of mention. Our spring election is over; the Religious Anniversaries are at an end; the Kansas question is referred back to the people of that Territory; the campaign against Utah excites but little interest, and the newsmongers have but a small stock in trade to operate upon.

The Progressive Friends have been holding their Yearly Meeting at Longwood, at which, it is said, a very large concourse of people was in attendance. Theodore Parker delivered four discourses, all of which were listened to with the deepest interest, notwithstanding the fact that they were read from manuscript. Indeed, I heard of one intelligent young Quaker who did not hesitate to say that he was now quite a convert to written sermons, and that he would rather hear one of Theodore Parker's discourses than fifty such as he had been accustomed to. C. C. Burleigh was prominent among the speakers, and an abler one on any topic he might choose to discuss I am sure there was not present. Andrew Jackson Davis was there, and Oliver Johnson, who, if I may say what I have heard without offence to his modesty, contributed his full quota to the profitableness of the meeting. Altogether it was quite a satisfactory Yearly Meeting—one of the most so that has been enjoyed since the formation of the Society. I don't know, from what I have heard, but that it might be called quite a Revival Meeting. In that case it would be proper, I suppose, to subject it to the same test by which you try other meetings thus denominated, and ask what practical, tangible good has been done. What "outward signs of inward grace" were manifested? and what substantial service was rendered to the anti-slavery cause? How many new subscribers were added to the list of THE STANDARD and *Liberator*? and what were the other external manifestations of interest in the anti-slavery cause? Our State Society and other anti-slavery organizations used to hold frequent meetings in the neighborhood of Longwood, and they were largely attended and did great good, both to the cause and otherwise. If the Progressive Friends meetings, which have superseded them, do the same amount of good, both otherwise and to the cause, Abolitionists have no reason to be dissatisfied, and the friends of progress have much ground for being pleased.

The combined elements of opposition to the National Administration—that is, the Republicans, Americans, American Republicans, Old Line Whigs and Douglas Democrats—are to meet in Convention at Harrisburg in July, for the nomination of a State ticket. The officers to be elected are Judge of the Supreme Court and, probably, Canal Commissioner. I say "probably," for it is not yet certain whether, after the action of the Legislature on the Public Works of the State, an incumbent of that office will any longer be required. The Works have been sold, and no longer need State supervision; but the bill which was introduced and which, I believe, passed one branch of the Legislature, abolishing the office, did not become a law, and the impression seems to prevail with some that Commissioners will be required another year to settle up the business. At any rate, the Democrats have nominated a candidate for the office, and, of course, I presume the Republicans will do the same. The proclamation of the Governor will settle whether an election will be held upon it or not.

The sale of the remaining portion of our Public Works, including the North Branch, West Branch and Delaware Division Canals, we regard as a great public advantage. The possession of these works by the State was a fruitful source of demoralization and political corruption, and their sale at any price has long been a desideratum with all respectable people. Their projection originally was creditable to the public spirit of the Commonwealth, as they were undertaken when canals and railroads were experiments; but their construction was made subservient to party purposes and individual ends. Before they were completed the State was saddled with a debt of $40,000,000, besides being grossly demoralized by the corrupt uses which were made of its revenues. The debt is now reduced by the sale of the Main Line of Rail and Road, and the canals, to $30,000,000, and the prospect is that the people will be less burdened than heretofore with onerous taxes, and what is more intolerable, sateless swarms of corrupt politicians.

M.

*THE TWENTY-FIFTH*

### NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION FESTIVAL.

THE undersigned, who have, for so many years, done what they could to promote the ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE, financially and otherwise, through the medium of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, will, as usual, hold their (twenty-fifth) Anniversary at the close of the year, with the same purpose of still further strengthening the beneficial influences of that Society, moral, religious and political, for the extinction of slavery.

At the beginning, before the principles of the cause were understood, we could not, with the slightest hope of success, ask of the public, whose affair it is no less than our own, direct contributions of money. We therefore devised an Annual Bazaar for the sale of contributions of articles; and it afforded an opportunity of great usefulness, both financial and social, to the cause.

But the changed state of the public mind now suggests greater directness in the method and increase in the usefulness of this anniversary; and we propose, this year, to give our usual sums and take up our accustomed collections by direct cash subscription; and we entreat the friends, both at home and abroad, who have been wont to coöperate with us, to do the same, nothing doubting the result will much exceed the sum ($3,000) raised last year.

To our Southern friends we present this prospect with increased hope of their coöperation in consequence. For, as none better than they know what slavery and the daily increasing risks of its tenure are, so none have a deeper concern in seeking the most effectual means of putting an end to this common sin and suffering of our native land.

The money we have annually raised has been hitherto employed to sustain the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society. But, following the recent indication of the Executive Committee, in making individual efforts to place that paper on a self-supporting subscription basis, we shall enable them to devote the result of our *joint* financial effort to sustain eloquent and faithful lecturers, now so much needed, and in far greater numbers than heretofore.

By this plan we may accomplish double the amount of service to our cause, and thus furnish its friends and our own with a two-fold motive to continue and increase their contributions.

No words from us at this late day are needed to stimulate a *prudent* generosity by description of all the means that go to change the mind and the heart of a great nation on the central question of its policy; or to kindle a *sublime* one by commendation of a cause identified with every thought that is ennobling and holy, with every hope that is august and magnificent, with every memory that is precious and sainted, with every idea that is consoling and beautiful, with every effort that is enlightening and beneficent, with every association that history, or poetry, or patriotism, or philanthropy, or Christianity, or life or death, have sanctified and blessed.

We cordially and respectfully invite the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, *the world over*, to meet with us at the close of the year (time and place named hereafter), to receive our subscriptions, our good wishes and our thanks; and to unite with us on an occasion which, as the end of one quarter of a century of labours and the beginning of another, will be of no ordinary commemorative interest and prospective significance to THE CAUSE.

| | |
|---|---|
| MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN, | LYDIA D. PARKER, |
| MARY MAY, | ELIZA F. EDDY, |
| LOUISA LORING, | ABBY FRANCIS, |
| ELIZA LEE FOLLEN, | SARAH RUSSELL MAY, |
| L. MARIA CHILD, | ABBY KELLEY FOSTER, |
| HENRIETTA SARGENT, | SARAH H. SOUTHWICK, |
| ANNE WARREN WESTON, | EVELINA A. S. SMITH, |
| MARY GRAY CHAPMAN, | ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL, |
| HELEN ELIZA GARRISON, | AUGUSTA G. KING, |
| SARAH SHAW RUSSELL, | ELIZABETH VON ARMIN, |
| FRANCES MARY ROBBINS, | ANNA SHAW GREENE, |
| CAROLINE WESTON, | ELIZA H. APTHORP, |
| MARY WILLEY, | MATTIE GRIFFITH, |
| SARAH BLAKE SHAW, | MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT, |
| SUSAN C. CABOT, | ANNE LANGDON ALGER. |

### PERSONAL.

Rufus Choate is to be the orator of the Boston Democracy on the Fourth of July!

John P. Hale was, on Wednesday, elected U.S. Senator on the part of the New Hampshire House of Representatives. The vote was 185 for him to 111 for the Democratic candidate. The election will not be complete until ratified by a vote on the part of the Senate, but we presume such ratification will not be long delayed.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson is engaged to deliver the sermon before the College Association, at the Commencement of Central College, at McGrawville, on the 21st inst. Frederick Douglass delivers the address before the literary societies.

Joshua R. Giddings has returned to his home in Jefferson, Ohio, having "paired off" with a member from the South. He is said to be in good spirits, with a fair prospect of improved health.

## Summary.

Mrs. Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind) recently gave birth to twins—one of each sex. Here we have another edition in two volumes of "Goldsmith's Animated Nature."

TWO SLAVES OFF.—The South-Side *Democrat* says that a negro man, about forty years of age, named Gilbert, and a girl about 25 years of age, named Sarah, both of whom belonged to Mr. Eppes, the proprietor of Powell's Hotel, "cut stick" on last Saturday night about 10 o'clock, and cleared for parts unknown.

Will our eastern exchanges, which are reporting with great unction that Wisconsin has reinstated capital punishment among her institutions, please to take notice that such is not the case. She has done nothing of the kind, but capital punishment remains as it did, unknown to the laws of this State.—*Milwaukee Free Democrat.*

The *Congregationalist* says: "Wendell Phillips, Esq., preached (?) at the Free Church in Worcester last Sabbath, delivering two discourses," and states that C. C. Burleigh, the well-known anti-slavery lecturer, is to act as pastor of the Free Church at Cummington, sometimes called the "free-and easy" church, the coming year, for $500. He is to preach one-fourth of the time in Florence, Northampton.

A colored waiter at the St. Lawrence Hotel, Sandusky, was, a day or two since, captured by a Kentucky slaveholder, accompanied by a U. S. Marshal. They got him as far as the railroad depot, but the crowd of people who went along to witness his departure was very large, and got very much "mixed up" with the Marshal's party. In the confusion the "fugitive" disappeared. The Marshal fired a pistol through a man's hat, whereupon he was arrested and gave bail for trial.

FUGITIVE SLAVES.—During the last three weeks, more than twenty runaways have passed through this city on the way to Canada. One of the latest passengers was a Kentuckian, who was so white in feature as well as color that he travelled through Kentucky and crossed the river unsuspected. When he presented himself to the underground agents of this city, they thought him no runaway, but a white man, and would have continued to regard him as an imposter had not one of his former fellow bondsmen recognized him.

Another of the late fugitives came from Memphis. He secreted himself upon a steamer, and arrived in this city in five days afterwards, without seeing any one. His only sustenance was *one buscuit*, and such drops of water as the paddles, in their revolutions, threw into his hiding-place.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE A RUNAWAY SLAVE.—About two weeks ago a valuable slave escaped from the residence of his master, near Lexington, and handbills were freely scattered, offering a reward of $400 for his safe return. On Saturday last, as three gentlemen of Covington were out gunning, on the hills below the city, they were astonished to see, upon firing at some birds, a valuable black chattel start up in their path, a short distance off. The negro had no doubt been sleeping, and the report of the guns disturbed his repose. On being suddenly awakened, he no doubt supposed his pursuers were hard upon his track, and therefore made the best use of his legs, and, although hotly pursued, succeeded in distancing the entire party, and making good his escape. On Sunday afternoon another party started out to scour the woods, but did not succeed in finding the runaway, who is probably by this time ticketed through by the "Underground," and far on his way to Canada.—*Ibid.*

WM. LLOYD GARRISON ON WAR.—Mr. Theodore Parker being absent among the Progressive Quakers of Pennsylvania, his desk at the Music Hall was yesterday morning occupied by Mr. Wm. Lloyd Garrison. The subject of discourse was announced as follows: "I come to you this morning in the spirit of peace, to assert the inviolate sanctity of human life, and therefore to testify against war under all circumstances; against all preparations for war; against every naval ship, every arsenal, every fortification; against the militia system and a standing army; against all military chieftains and soldiers; against all monuments commemorative of victories by the sword over enemies, of trophies won in battle, of celebrations in honor of military and naval exploits, against Paixhan guns, bombs, Sharp's rifles, revolvers and bowie-knives, and all other warlike weapons; against every edict of Government, State or national, requiring military service; against the Government itself which maintains the rightfulness of war and expends a very large proportion of its revenue in providing itself with destructive instrumentalities; against all political parties and all religious sects which sanction or apologize for war."

Mr. Garrison said his opposition to war was no less comprehensive than un-compromising. He was against defensive as well as offensive war, and he claimed that it was not till Christianity became corrupted that Christians became soldiers. War could not be justified under any circumstances, except by the sophistical argument that the end justifies the means; an argument by which the American Tract Society at New York was induced to take action which has not been exceeded in enormity since the crucifixion of Jesus. Fighting and the Gospel were not consistent. Patriotism or Christianity must, one or the other, be renounced. Many billions of men have been destroyed in fighting for the liberties of the world; yet where are the liberties of the world now—of European countries, of our own country? One seventh of our people are beasts of burden; the Slave Power is dominant in Church and State; and there is no freedom of speech or of the press in the whole South. The Gospel cannot harmonize with war, and yet the Church of to-day values a swaggering Jim Lane in Kansas more than it would a dozen Christs.

Mr. Garrison said the cause of peace suffered much from its own professed friends. He instanced Dr. Channing as having written in such a way as to justify war under certain circumstances—as the defence of a nation's honor. A later instance was the Hon. Gerritt Smith. He (Mr. G.) characterized the recent address of the latter before the American Peace Society as a strange and inconsistent medley, illogical, fallacious and nonsensical, although his defence of woman's rights and abolitionism was outspoken and praiseworthy.—*Boston Courier, May 31st.*

### AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

*Receipts for Standard from May 1 to June 1.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 938 | Smith Gray, Walpole, | Massachusetts, | $2 00 |
| 982 | Thos. Mandell, New Bedford, | " | 8 00 |
| 984 | Ed. L. Baker, | " " | 2 00 |
| 982 | Miss Mary Griffith, | " " | 2 00 |
| 982 | Dan'l Thornton, | " " | 2 00 |
| 982 | Mrs. Jno. R. Thornton, | " " | 2 00 |
| 986 | Hon. James Arnold, | " " | 2 00 |
| 984 | B. C. Berry, | " " | 2 00 |
| 988 | Wm. J. Rotch, | " " | 2 00 |
| 988 | S. Griffiths Morgan, | " " | 2 00 |
| 988 | Wm. C. Coffin, | " " | 6 00 |
| 988 | H. B. Clark, | " " | 2 00 |
| 984 | Edmund Taber, | " " | 2 00 |
| 984 | Miss Anna M. Bailey, | " " | 2 00 |
| 962 | Thos. A. Green, | " " | 2 00 |
| 987 | Miss Lydia Russell, Milton, | " | 2 00 |
| 988 | Miss Lodge, Boston, | " | 2 00 |
| 950 | Mrs. S. May, | " " | 2 00 |
| 936 | Dr. S. G. Howe, | " " | 2 00 |
| 988 | Dr. Jos. Sargent, Worcester, | " | 2 00 |
| 989 | E. L. Capron, | " " | 2 00 |
| 988 | Wm. D. Carter, | " " | 2 00 |
| 960 | Miss Laura Flint, Leicester, | " | 2 00 |
| 989 | Samuel May, Jr., | " " | 2 00 |
| 970 | Miriam R. Johnson, Lynn, | " | 2 00 |
| 986 | Hannah Hoxie, South Adams, | " | 2 00 |
| 994 | Mrs. Mary F. Churchill, Plymouth, | " | 2 00 |
| 988 | James Savage, Jr., Ashland, | " | 2 00 |
| 936 | E. Stebbins, South Wilbraham, | " | 2 00 |
| 944 | Lucy Brown, Concord, | " | 8 00 |
| 984 | Rev. F. Frothingham, Portland, Me., | | 2 00 |
| 936 | Neal Dow, | " " | 2 00 |
| 937 | Thomas Davis, Providence, R. I. | | 3 00 |
| 936 | O. Hurd, East Hartford, Conn., | | 5 00 |
| 936 | S. Dickinson, Hatfield, Massachusetts, | | 2 00 |
| 977 | Isaac S. Wilde, Quaker Village, New York, | | 4 00 |
| 992 | Thomas Cole, Salisbury, | " | 4 00 |
| 928 | John Wilbur, North Easton, | " | 2 00 |
| 944 | Job Wilbur, 2d | " " | 2 00 |
| 990 | Job Wilbur, | " " | 2 00 |
| 988 | A. Woodworth, Sandy Hill, | " | 2 00 |
| 938 | Miss Rosa Smith, Syracuse, | " | 7 00 |
| 989 | A. E. Wilbur, Pittstown Corners, | " | 2 00 |
| 970 | Phebe H. Jones, Albany, | " | 2 00 |
| 981 | John Ricketson, Naples, | " | 2 00 |
| 988 | A. W. Morehouse, Lansingburgh, | " | 2 00 |
| 962 | Dr. Potter, Elmira, | " | 1 00 |
| 988 | Moses Peirce, Pleasantville, | " | 2 00 |
| 936 | Miss Mott, Albany, | " | 2 00 |
| 963 | Isaac Post, Rochester, | " | 2 00 |
| 988 | H. Q. Mack, Yorkville, | " | 2 00 |
| 975 | Dr. M. Beckwith, Nassau Village, | " | 2 00 |
| 986 | Mrs. M. A. E. Greene, West Winfield, | " | 2 54 |
| 959 | Mary H. Semple, New York City, | | 1 00 |
| 936 | R. W. Russell, | " | 6 86 |
| 988 | Wm. H. Newby, | " | 2 00 |
| 936 | Mrs. Daniel Trimble, | " | 2 00 |
| 936 | Edgar Ketcham, | " | 8 00 |
| 940 | John Woodgate, | " | 2 00 |
| 946 | David Torrens, | " | 2 00 |
| 988 | John Ketcham, Jericho, L. I., | | 2 00 |
| 962 | Mrs. H. B. Redway, Point Pleasant, Pa., | | 1 00 |
| 936 | John Begbie, Newark, N. J., | | 2 00 |

*Donations.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Edmund Quincy, Dedham, Pledge, | $100 00 |
| Mrs. Abby K. Foster, to redeem 1st of Aug. pledge | 100 00 |
| Mrs. E. C. Topp, Albany, N. Y. (a bequest of the late Wm. H. Topp), | 100 00 |
| Rev. William H. Furness, | 10 00 |
| Hon. Wm. Jay, New York City, | 15 00 |
| Edgar Ketcham, " | 10 00 |
| Sarah Marshall, " | 1 00 |

### MARRIED.

FISKE—THOMAS.—In Baltimore, on Wednesday, June 2, by the Rev. Benj. F. Brooke, Oliver Fiske, of Iowa City, Iowa, to Margarette E. Thomas, daughter of Samuel Thomas, of the former place.

## Special Notices.

☞ FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—A stated meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society will be held at the Anti-Slavery office, on Thursday, the 10th of June, at 4 o'clock p. m.

☞ CONVENTION OF THE FRIENDS OF PROGRESS.—A general meeting of the Friends of Human Progress will convene at Newtown, Bucks Co., Pa., on Seventh day, the 19th inst., at 2 o'clock, and continue throughout the following day. All persons, of whatever name, are cordially invited to participate in the inquiry after truth and right as applied to removing the error, evil and wrong now existing in the world. The following extract from the "Exposition of Principles" adopted at a previous meeting will give an idea that no one is considered responsible for the actions of others.

"In issuing testimonies it should be understood there may be those who cordially co-operate in our efforts who will not unite in all such expressions. Our testimonies lay down no proscriptive test, but are the simple embodiment of what the larger part of those with us deem truth and duty. We accept no creed or book as master of the soul; believe no message, purporting to come either from earthly or heavenly spheres, with blind unreasoning obedience, but accept from each and all, with joy and thankfulness, whatever our own souls hold to be true, and reject all else—believing that God's inspirations come now, as ever, free and impartial, if we will but so live as to be fit receptacles thereof."

By direction of the Committee of Arrangements,

WILLIAM LLOYD.

# Miscellaneous Department.

## THE CHILD OF JAMES MELVILLE.

[The following touching poem, which will be read by many with tears, was written by Mrs. A. Stuart Menteath, a Scottish lady, and author of "Lays of the Kirk and Covenant."]

ONE time my soul was pierced as with a sword,
Contending still with men untaught and wild,
When He who to the prophet lent his gourd
Gave me the solace of a pleasant child!

A summer gift, my precious flower was given,
A very sunny fragrance was its life;
Its clear eye soothed me as the blue of heaven,
When home I turned, a weary man of strife.

With unformed laughter, musically sweet,
How soon the wakening babe would meet my kiss,
With outstretched arms its care-wrought father greet—
Oh, in the desert what a spring was this!

A few short months it blossomed near my heart—
A few short months, else toilsome all and sad;
But that home solace nerved me for my part,
And of the babe I was exceeding glad.

Alas! my pretty bud, scarce formed, was dying!
(The prophet's gourd—it withered in a night!)
And He who gave me all—my heart's pulse trying—
Took gently home the child of my delight.

Not rudely culled, not suddenly it perished,
But gradual faded from our love away;
As if still, secret dews, its love that cherished,
Were drop by drop witheld, and day by day.

My Blessed Master saved me from repining,
So tenderly He sued me for his own;
So beautiful He made my babe's declining,
Its dying blessed me, as its birth had done.

And daily to my board, at noon and even,
Our fading flower I bade its mother bring,
That we might commune of our rest in Heaven:
Gazing the while on death—without its sting!

And of the ransom for that baby paid
So very sweet at times our converse seemed,
That the sure truth of grief a gladness made—
Our little lamb by God's own hand redeemed!

There were two milk-white doves my wife had nourished,
And I too loved erewhile at times to stand,
Marking how each the other fondly cherished,
And fed them from my baby's dimpled hand,

So tame they grew that, to his cradle flying,
Full oft they cooed him to his noontide rest;
And to the murmurs of his sleep replying,
Crept gently in, and nestled in his breast.

'Twas a fair sight—the snow-pale infant sleeping,
So fondly guardianed by those creatures mild;
Watch o'er his closed eyes their bright eyes keeping—
Wondrous the love betwixt the birds and child!

Still, as he sickened, seemed the doves, too, dwining—
Forsook their food and loathed their pretty play;
And on the day he died, with sad note pining,
One gentle bird would not be frayed away.

His mother found it when she rose, sad-hearted,
At early dawn, with sense of hearing ill;
And when, at last, the little spirit parted,
The dove died too, as if of its heart chill.

The other flew to meet my sad home riding,
As with a human sorrow in its coo,
To my dead child and its dead mate then guiding,
Most pitifully plained, and parted too!

'Twas my first "hansel" and "propine" to Heaven!
And as I laid my darling 'neath the sod,
Precious His comforts—once an infant given
And offered with two turtle doves to God!

## *SIBERIA AND CHINESE TATARY.**

THE usual idea attaching to Siberia is that of a place of frightful exile in one of the most inhospitable parts of the globe. Now there is no doubt of the winter being intensely severe, and of the great length of time requisite for communication with Europe; but, in summer, a great deal of it is a land flowing with milk and honey, full of vast mineral and vegetable wealth, and abounding in the most romantic and beautiful scenery. In the penal settlements there is a severe discipline for the convicts, but the mass of the population of Siberia is the most comfortable and best provided for in the Russian Empire, and this region now contains several towns that have the comforts and luxuries of European civilization.

But the region to the south east of Siberia, and on the north-western frontiers of China, was, until the travels of Mr. Atkinson, a *terra incognita* to the European geographer, and even the volume already published by him comprises only a portion of his vast seven years' exploration of regions concerning which our geographical data are surmise and hearsay of inaccurate Tatars and Chinese. We learn from this interesting traveller that it was only by being well armed that he overcame opposition, that he daily practised the rifle, and, on one occasion, had to hold his muzzle for ten minutes to a chief's breast before he could proceed. An examination of the sketches in his portfolios procured us one of the pleasantest days we have passed for a long time, and we feel persuaded that what is to follow will prove fully as important and curious as what has already appeared.

In the meantime, the volume actually published takes us from the Ural to Lake Baikal on the east; and on the south, through the Kirghisian Steppe and the Gobi or Great Desert to the Chinese town of Chin Si, at the foot of the Syan Shan Mountains, which never had been seen by any European. Looking anxiously forward to the account of the further prosecution of his journey, we will, in the meantime, give some account of the ground already traversed.

Mr. Atkinson says in his preface: "I have several times looked upon what appeared inevitable death, and have had a fair allowance of hairbreadth escapes, when riding and sketching on the brinks of precipices with a perpendicular depth of 1,500 feet below me. With these accompaniments, I traversed much of the hitherto unexplored regions of Central Asia, and produced 560 sketches of the scenery, executed with the moist colors made by Winsor and Newton—invaluable to an artist employed under such circumstances. I have used them on the sandy plains of Central Asia, in a temperature of 50 degrees Reaumur (144 degrees Fahrenheit), and in Siberia have had them frozen as solid as a mass of iron, when the temperature was 43 degrees Réaumur of frost, 11 degrees below the point where the mercury became solid, and when I could make it into balls in my bullet-moulds. Some of my largest works have been painted with colors that have stood these severe tests; and for depth and purity of tone have not been surpassed by those I have had fresh from the manufactory. With cake-colors, all my efforts would have been useless."

Before we begin with a condensation and analysis of selected portions of the work of Mr. Atkinson, it may not be amiss to call attention to the more prominent features of the physical geography of the Russian empire. West of the Ural, we find Russia in Europe to consist of the vast region lying between the Black, the Baltic, and the Caspian Seas, the greater part of it being level, and intersected by noble rivers, adjoining corn-producing alluvial regions, and populated, except in the Baltic provinces, chiefly by native Muscovites; but all to the eastward of the Volga—that is to say, in the ancient khanats of Orenburg and Siberia—the substratum of the population is Turkish, or, according to the new ethnological term, Ugrian. The mountain-chain of the Ural separates Russia and Siberia, and the whole of the territory to the east differs essentially from Russia Proper. The rivers Ob, Yenisei and Lena drain the backbone of Asia, and are lost in the Frozen Ocean. The plains on the north, in the vicinity of the sea, are inhospitable, and unfit for habitation; but all the mountain-regions are full of the most valuable minerals. The Ural abounds in iron and precious stones, and the Altai in gold and silver.

Ekaterinburg, or the City of Catherine, is the capital of the Ural; and here are the vast mechanical works and manufactories established by government for utilizing the minerals of the district. They are built upon an enormous scale, and fitted up with machinery from the best makers in England, under the superintendence of an English mechanic. Precious stones are submitted to the art of the lapidary in another department. The jaspers are found in a great variety of colors—the most beautiful deep green, dark purple, dark violet, gray and cream color; also a ribbon-jasper, with stripes of reddish brown and green. The porphyries are also of most brilliant colors. Orlite of a deep pink color, with veins of yellow and black, is semi-transparent when made into vases. Here, also, the beautiful malachite vases are cut and polished. Those who remember the Great Exhibition of 1851 can have an idea of the beauty of this material and manufacture. Magnificent jasper-tables are inlaid with different colored stones, in imitation of birds, flowers and foliage. Several men are employed in these for six successive years; but the wages are exceedingly low: a man engaged in carving foliage on some of the jasper vases, in a style not excelled in Europe, did not receive more than 3s. 8d. per month, with thirty-six pounds of rye-flour per month, to make into bread. Meat he was never supposed to eat. A married man with a family receives two poods of black flour for his wife and one for each child, on which they look well. Mr. Atkinson saw another man cutting a head of Ajax, after the antique, in jasper of two colors—the ground dark green, and the head yellowish cream-color, in very high relief, and intended for a brooch. The traveller, being an admirable artist, was a judge of such works. He pronounces it to have been a splendid production of art, such as would have raised the man to a high position in any country in Europe except Russia; and yet his pay was 3s. 8d. per month, with bread.

The great wealth of the Demidoff family comes chiefly from the Ural; their estate there is as large as Yorkshire, and full of iron of good quality. Of course, the population is scanty, and this accounts for the wealth of the Demidoffs not being fabulous. Foreigners talk much of the contrasts of wealth and poverty in England; but the 3s. 8d. per month to the admirable artist-lapidary, and the Demidoff estate as large as Yorkshire, is a contrast still more striking than any we have in England.

English mechanics have been employed in the Ural from a very early period. Many years ago, a mechanic named Major was sent to Ekaterinburg; and when the Emperor Alexander I. visited the mountain, he was greatly pleased with the works Major had established; and, as a token of his satisfaction, presented him with a piece of land containing about twenty acres, with all the minerals it contained, for gold was known to be deposited there. He then began to excavate it, and wash the gold-sand, which proved lucrative, and the amount was weighed and entered in a book, and delivered to Major every evening, who deposited it in an iron box, which stood in his cabinet, the key of which he carried in his pocket. One Sunday evening, Major and his old housekeeper were alone in the house; he occupied in his cabinet, and she sitting in her own room, not far from the entrance-door. Suddenly her attention was drawn to a noise in the outward lobby, which induced her to leave the room. The moment she got into the entrance, she was seized, and thrown down a staircase leading to some apartment below. Her screams and the noise reached Major in his cabinet, who rushed out with a candle in his hand; a blow from an axe fell upon his head, and he never breathed again. After this the murderers possessed themselves of the box and gold, ransacked the place in search of other treasure, and then departed, closing the doors after them. All this time the old woman was lying at the foot of the stairs in a state of insensibility, quite unconscious of the tragedy which had been enacted in the rooms above. It was not until the morning of the third day after that one of the officers from the machine-works went to consult Major on some matter of importance, when the murder was discovered.

A strict investigation was commenced. The housekeeper, who was long unconscious, began to revive, but nothing clear could be got out of her, and the police were baffled. She had been seized so suddenly that she could not tell how many men were in the lobby. A merchant was suspected from his dealings in gold, but he proved that he was distant ninety versts from the spot at six o'clock on the morning of the murder. Years passed on without a discovery; but the quantity of gold stolen from the mines, and sent into Tatary and Bokhara, had become so enormous that the Russian government determined to discover how it was effected. So a spy was sent to Ekaterinburg, disguised as a peasant. Even the police authorities on the spot were not aware of his mission. He ingratiated himself at the public-houses with the characters likely to throw light on the subject, and discovered that there were persons in these gold-robberies far away from Ekaterinburg through whom the precious metal was got out of the country into Tatary. He then proceeded to Omsk, and began to offer gold to the Tatars, but with great caution; and he was soon introduced to the great gold-dealer, whose influence was so great that the Tatars dared not buy gold unless it had passed through his hand. His interview took place in the back-room of a large house, where a man with a long Bokhara dress, tied round his waist with a shawl, took his seat at the table, and asked the assumed peasant in a very rude manner how much gold he had stolen, where he came from, and other questions calculated to frighten him. All these were answered in a very submissive tone. The gold was then ordered to be produced, which was done, and the weight of each packet marked thereon. The Tatar was asked to pour out all the gold into a scale, but to this the peasant objected, as it was found to weigh less than the seller knew it to be, but the receiver said: "What, thief! thou art not content with robbing thy employers, but thou wishest to cheat me. I shall soon hear of thee in the mines of Siberia." He then offered an insignificant amount for the gold, saying that he gave him five minutes to consider whether he would take the money or be handed over to the police. The arrest of the gang then took place by the agents of the police who had been called upon by the spy, who, having accomplished his mission in Omsk, started for Ekaterinburg, and procured the arrest of the merchant who had been previously taken up, but acquitted of the murder; his wife now revealed where the gold was buried, and, on searching for it, they found the axe with which the murder had been committed. This man had long been engaged in gold-smuggling; he associated with those who stole it from the mines. For this purpose he required good horses, and possessed one of extraordinary power and speed. As soon as the gold had been secured after Major's murder, he mounted his horse, and in about four hours rode ninety versts, presenting himself to the director at Kamenskoi. The murder was now proved against all who had been engaged in it; they were sentenced "to run the gantlet" (that is, to walk between the lines formed by a regiment of soldiers consisting of 3,000 men, each man striking the victim with a rod), and died immediately after the punishment. The bands of gold-stealers were broken up; some were sent to the mines in Siberia, and the gendarme returned to St. Petersburg to receive a reward for his really dangerous labor.

The Altai is the mountain-range in the south of Siberia, in which the Yenisei, and other large rivers of Siberia, flowing into the White Sea, have their source. Parts of it are covered with dense forests of cedars, with a thick underwood which renders progress slow; other parts are clear of bushes, the ground being covered with grass and plants, and above, gigantic cedars, their gnarled and twisted branches forming a canopy through which the sun scarcely penetrates. This is on the northern slope of the Altai; but the southern slope has very little forest. Here are seen in summer the skeletons of Kalmuck winter-dwellings—the birch-bark is stripped off these conical houses, and only the bare poles remain. At this time of the year, the inhabitants are up in the mountains, where they find plenty of grass for their cattle, and where they are free from the mosquitoes. In autumn, they return to the lower grounds, cover their *yourts* with new bark, and in a few days their winter dwellings are completed. On the river Arakym, Atkinson saw many black squirrels, skipping about in the branches; they enlivened the scene, sitting among the foliage. Their fur is a dark gray in winter, at which season Kalmucks kill them, for the fur is not good in summer. Stags are numerous in these mountains, and the Arakym Valley is a great battle-field of bucks in the rutting season. In summer, they are all in the higher regions near the snow, where the mosquitoes and flies cannot follow them. Even the bears, with their rough shaggy coats, cannot remain in the valleys in summer, where these insects are extremely numerous.

Bear-hunting exploits are common in these mountains. One afternoon, a Cossack officer was quietly strolling through the forest alone and unarmed, when he observed a she-bear and her two cubs playing together. When she became aware of his presence, she growled, drove her young ones into a tree for shelter, and mounted guard at the foot of it to defend them. The cossack then made a temporary retreat, and selected a birch club, four feet long, the quality of which he tested by blows on a tree. When the old bear saw him, she began to growl and pace about uneasily; but the man advanced over a fine grassy turf, with no shrubs or bushes to entangle his feet. The bear then made a rush at him, and, rising on her hind-legs, intended to give him a settler with her powerful paws, or hug him to death; but he made a sweep with his club, and dealt such a blow that she toppled over. Many rounds were fought, her antagonist keeping clear of her paws. She endeavored to get behind him, but a blow of the cudgel drove her back, until at last she began a retreat towards the forest; but the moment the Cossack moved to the tree, the bear would rush out, taking care not to come within his reach, the cubs remaining in the branches as spectators. At this time, a woodman, returning to the gold-mine, rode into the glade; his first impulse was to run, but the Cossack ordered him to dismount, take off his saddle-bags, and secure the cubs in them. They then started for the village, followed by the bear, that charged repeatedly, and was as often beaten back by the Cossack with his club, who covered the retreat; each time the bear was laid prostrate, and finally would not approach within striking distance: she returned to the forest, and was never seen again. This was a feat of extraordinary daring, skill, strength, and activity; but, after all, our sympathies are with the poor inoffensive bear.

The bear, however, it must be admitted, is not always the injured party. When at the Lake Baikal, Atkinson mentions that three villagers went to hunt in a forest. His informant lost sight of his two companions, lighted a fire, took his evening meal, and was soon fast asleep. Two or three hours had passed when he was awakened by something near him, and, turning his head, he observed by the light of his fire a large bear going down the bank to the little stream. He divined the object of the brute in an instant. Bruin was going for water to put the fire out, that he might then devour his victim; for it is an ascertained fact that a bear will not attack a man when sleeping by a fire, but will first go into the water and saturate his fur to put out the fire. It was but the work of a moment for the hunter to seize his rifle, and stop the proceedings of the animal with a bullet as it was ascending the bank.

The adventures in Mongolia, particularly in the Gobi, lying between the Siberian Altai and the Chinese mountain of Syan Shan, are highly interesting, and we are introduced to the nomade Kirghisian sultans, who appear to be the purest orientals of the Turkish race, having no tincture of European civilization, like those of Persia, Siberia, or Turkey proper. Every Kirghisian has his battle-axe hanging from his saddle, as in the days of Genghis Khan; and these so-called sultans live like the patriarchs of the Old Testament, estimating their power by their sheep, their goats, and cattle. There was a commotion as Mr. Atkinson approached the *aoul* of Sultan Baspashian; and the escort guided him to a large cattle enclosure, with a tall spear stuck into the ground at the door, and a long tuft of black horsehair hanging beneath its glittering head. This is an old Turkish custom, whence the dignity of a pacha of one, two, or three tails, who, since the modern reforms in the Ottoman Empire, are called *sina*, *ferik*, and *mushir*, corresponding with the ranks of major-general, lieutenant-general and full general.

Sultan Baspasihan, who welcomed Mr. Atkinson, was a strong ruddy-faced man, dressed in a black velvet tunic edged with sable, and wore a deep crimson shawl round his waist. On his head was a red cloth conical cap trimmed with fox-skin, with an owl's feather hanging from the top, showing his descent from Ghenghis Khan. A Bokhara carpet was spread, and two boys entered, bringing in tea and fruit. These were his two sons. Silk curtains hanging on one side covered the sleeping-place, and near this a bearcoote, or large black eagle, and falcon were chained to their perches, every person keeping at a respectful distance from the feathered monarch. On the opposite side, kids and lambs were secured in a pen; and outside the door was a group of women, with their small black eyes fixed on the stranger. Mr. Atkinson says: "My belt and pistols formed a great attraction. The sultan wished to examine them. Having first removed the caps, I handed one to him; he turned it round in every direction, and looked down the barrels. This did not satisfy him; he wished to see them fired, and wanted to place a kid for the target, probably thinking that so short a weapon would produce no effect. Declining his kid, I tore a leaf out of my sketch-book, made a mark in the centre, and gave it to the Cossacks. He understood my intention; split the end of a stick, slipped in the edge of the paper, went out and stuck the stick in the ground some distance from the yourt. The sultan arose and all left the dwelling. I followed him out, and went to the target. Knowing that we were among a very lawless set, I determined they should see that even these little implements were dangerous. Stepping out fifteen paces I turned round, cocked my pistol, fired, and made a hole in the paper. The sultan and his people evidently thought this a trick; he said something to his son, who instantly ran off into the yourt, and brought to his father a Chinese wooden bowl. This was placed upside down on the stick by his own hand, and, when he had returned to a place near me, I sent a ball through it. The holes were examined with great care; indeed, one man placed the bowl on his head to see where the hole would be marked on his forehead. This was sufficiently significant. The people we were now among I knew to be greatly dreaded by all the surrounding tribes; in short, they are robbers, who set at naught the authority of China, and carry on their depredations with impunity. On looking round, I noticed that a set of daring fellows had been watching my movements."

The banquet then followed. A small space in front of the sultan was cleared, the male elders near him, and fifty men, women, and children assembled in front; the boys sat behind the men, and behind them successively the women, girls and dogs. After ablutions with warm water, the cooks brought in long wooden trays, piled up with heaps of boiled mutton, garnished with rice, when each man drew his knife and fell to. "The Kirghis who sat nearest the trays selected the things he liked best, and after eating a part, handed it to the man sitting behind; when again diminished, this was passed to a third; then to the boys; and having run the gantlet of all these hands and mouths, the bone reaches the women and girls, divested of nearly every particle of food. Finally, when these poor creatures have gnawed till nothing is left on the bone, it is tossed to the dogs."

A hunting excursion then followed in a day or two, the sultan's three hunters leading the van, followed by eagle-bearers. The eagle had shackles and a hood, and was under the charge of two men. They had not gone far when several large deer rushed past a jutting point of reeds, and bounded over the plain. In an instant, the bearcoote was unhooded and his shackles removed, when he sprung from his perch and soared up in the air. Mr. Atkinson watched him ascend as he wheeled round, and was under the impression that he had not seen the animals; but in this he was mistaken. He had now risen to a considerable height, and, seeming to poise himself for a minute, gave two or three flaps with his wings, and swooped off in a straight line to his prey. The deer gave a bound forward, and fell, the bearcoote having struck one talon into his neck, and the other into his back, while he tore out with his beak the animal's liver. Wild goats, wolves, and even foxes, are hunted in this way. The bearcoote is unerring in its flight, unless the quarry can escape into holes in the rocks.

We have many other lively descriptions of life in the Mongolian Steppe, and of sublime scenery in the mountainous regions. The whole territory is among the least known in the habitable globe.

We conclude with a few traits of Barnaul, which is the centre for the administration of the mines of the Altai. The governor, Tomsk, who is chosen from the mining-engineers, is at the head of this department. He resides three or four months at Barnaul, and under him is the chief director of the mines, who must visit every smelting-work in the district once every year, travelling several thousand versts in a mountainous country, or descending rivers in rafts. His power is extensive, and he has a population of about 60,000 miners, peasants and officers under his charge. It appears that convicts have not yet been sent to work in the mines of the Altai. Every summer, eight or ten young officers are sent into the mountains, with a party; and the chief in Barnaul assigns to him the valley to be examined by his company. They start in May, with provisions of bread, sugar, tea, and brandy, their animal food being the game they kill. The officer receives a map, and then the experiments commence—the officer noting down how many *tolotniks* of gold can be obtained from the hundred poods of sand. Several places are tried, and on this the director in Barnaul decides what gold is to be worked. While one party are seeking gold in the sand, another party are seeking silver in the rocks. These operations are usually concluded by the middle of October, when they return home to Barnaul.

Barnaul is well stocked with smelting-works, chemical laboratories, public offices, and private dwellings, all connected with the mining operations; and during the winter, which is undoubtedly very severe in point of climate, balls, soirees, and concerts are given. It has also a bazaar, where European articles, fashions, French silks and bonnets, are sold, besides delicacies of the table, comprising English porter, Scotch ale, and French and Spanish wines. There is also a museum at Barnaul, comprising choice specimens of Siberian minerals, and stuffed Siberian animals, including four tigers, which came from the Kirghisian Steppe; their capture having, in two instances, proved fatal to some of the peasants engaged, who had thought to expel the intruder from their farms by pea-rifles and hay-forks. To conclude, such is Barnaul, the capital of the most productive mining district of Siberia.—*Chambers's Journal.*

* Atkinson's *Oriental and Western Siberia.* Hurst & Blackett. 1858.

## *HUGH MILLER AT THE DAME'S SCHOOL.*

From "The Life and Times of Hugh Miller."

BEFORE his father's death, Hugh Miller had been sent to a dame's school, where, under the tuition of an old lady, its superintendent, who, most likely, had she been living in our days, would not have received a government certificate, or been favored with any pupil teachers, he groped his way through the Shorter Catechism, the Proverbs, the New Testament, and at length entered her highest, the Bible class. Even thus early was that peculiarity, which we shall afterwards meet as nearly marring his prospects, fully developed. In deference to his superiors he had, after a manner, made a kind of acquaintance with the rudiments of knowledge; but having no adequate sense of the tendency of his lessons, all was dark and chaotic. There are certain minds that probably might not have felt in any perceptible degree uncomfortable in such circumstances; but Hugh Miller was not one of these minds. He could not go on day after day getting crammed by some superior, without questioning whereunto that cramming should grow; he liked to see the reason of things—sought above all else to know the central principle around which the details, either of business or of study, grouped themselves. In this strongly-marked mental peculiarity is embodied every pregnant hint for educationists. So soon as Hugh Miller made the discovery that the art of reading was the art of finding stories in books, all the darkness and all the drudgery fled. Have the friends of education kept sight of this important fact? we are afraid that, in too many instances, the powerful lever it would place in the hands of the teacher has been left to rust unused.

Having seen that reading was the key that unlocked a boundless store of mental pleasure, young Miller's progress, which had hitherto been nothing extraordinary, accelerated in something like a geometric ratio. The story of Joseph, the stories of Sampson, of David and Goliath, of Elijah and Elisha, all were speedily mastered. And from these Hebrew tales—the joy of many generations of the youth of Scotland—Hugh Miller turned to those classical romances of childhood, Jack the Giant-Killer, Jack and the Bean Stalk, the Yellow Dwarf, Blue Beard, Sinbad the Sailor, Beauty and the Beast, Aladdin or the Wonderful Lamp; and passed from these without break or conscious line of division to the Odyssey: for even so early had he seen that no other writer could cast a javelin with half the force of Homer. At this time, too, it was he found in that marvellous production of the tinker of Elstow—"The Pilgrim's Progress"—a sacred Iliad; and subsequently he made the acquaintance of that class of works which we may designate, not inappropriately, our Scottish Martyrology—"Howie's Scots' Worthies," "Naphthali, or the Hind let loose," "The Cloud of Witnesses," &c.; blending, in his mind, by a perfectly natural transition, the patriotic and religious struggles of the nation whose story these works record. It was the tone and coloring that the heroism of those humble men, "men who lived unknown till persecution dragged them into fame," had given to the mind of Hugh Miller, that, when in 1831 he became a stone-mason to the metropolis, so instinctively led him to Dr. McCrie's humble chapel. None of the great men he saw in Edinburgh, on this his first visit, produced the same powerful impression upon the wanderer from Cromarty as the Biographer of Knox and Melville.

The best part of his father's library had perished with his parent. Still there were a few books, curious and rare, that had been left behind. Among these were the "Miracles of Nature and Art," to which we find Dr. Johnson referring, in one of the dialogues chronicled by Boswell, as scarce even in his day. It contained, also, what to one who subsequently became so great an admirer of Goldsmith must have been a volume of no little interest, the only copy he ever saw of the "Memoirs of a Protestant" condemned to the galleys of France for his religion; a work which had been translated from the French by the author of the "Vicar of Wakefield" in his day of obscure literary drudgery, and which exhibited the peculiar excellencies of his style. Books of theology and books of travel made up the rest of the collection. Flavel's works, Henry's Commentary, and Hutcheson on the Lesser Prophets mingled with the voyages of Anson, Drake, Dampier, and Raleigh. It might not, indeed, be such a collection as the Useful Knowledge Society would have altogether approved of placing in the hands of a youth; nevertheless, we believe it to have been just about the kind of collection to suit the versatile tastes of young Miller. The aim of the Useful Knowledge Society was no doubt excellent, and, like most things done with good intentions, it was productive of some beneficial results. It failed, however, because it attempted to make of the rugged steep man must climb in quest of knowledge, never to be scaled without earnest toil and endeavor, a kind of macadamized road which all might travel with nearly equal ease and equal progress. The error was indeed an error into which the author of the "Novum Organon" fell, but the delusion was not less pernicious because shared by Lord Bacon. We do not, therefore, wonder that Hugh Miller should have designated the works with which that Society sought to flood the nation "intolerable nuisances, tenebrious stars, shedding their blighting influence on youthhood." About this time, Hugh Miller's Uncle, James, put into his hands Blind Harry's "Wallace." When he had read how Wallace killed young Selbie, the constable's son; how Wallace had fished the Irvine Water, and how Wallace killed the churl with his own staff in Ayr, his uncle, with that dry humor that makes a joke tell, said to him the book seemed rather a rough sort of production, which he need read no more of unless he liked; but young Hugh rather did like—what boy ever did not?—to read of Wallace. He was intoxicated with the fiery narratives of the blind bard—all he had previously read of the marvels of foreign parts, of the glories of modern battles, seemed tame and commonplace; in a word, he was now a Scot. From the story of Scotland's hero-guardian, he passed to the story of her hero-king, and in Barbour's "Bruce" read the glorious consummation of the work Wallace had so gloriously begun.

From The Atlantic Monthly.

## SPRING HAS COME.

*Intra Muros.*

THE sunbeams, lost for half a year,
Slant through my pane their morning rays;
For dry Northwesters, cold and clear,
The East blows in its thin blue haze.

And first the snowdrop's bells are seen,
Then close against the sheltering wall
The tulip's horn of dusky green,
The peony's dark unfolding ball.

The golden-chaliced crocus burns;
The long narcissus-blades appear;
The cone-beaked hyacinth returns,
And lights her blue-flamed chandelier.

The willow's whistling lashes, wrung
By the wild winds of gusty March,
With sallow leaflets lightly strung,
Are swaying by the tufted larch;

The elms have robed their slender spray
With full-blown flower and embryo leaf;
Wide o'er the clasping arch of day
Soars, like a cloud, their hoary chief.

—[See the proud tulip's flaunting cup,
That flames in glory for an hour—
Behold it withering—then look up—
How meek the forest-monarch's flower!—

When wake the violets, Winter dies;
When sprout the elm-buds, Spring is near;
When lilacs blossom, Summer cries,
"Bud, little roses! Spring is here!"]

The windows blush with fresh boquets,
Cut with the May-dew on their lips;
The radish all its bloom displays,
Pink as Aurora's finger-tips.

Nor less the flood of light that showers
On beauty's changed coralla shades—
The walks are gay as bridal bowers
With rows of many-petalled maids.

The scarlet shell-fish click and clash
In the blue barrow where they slide;
The horseman, proud of streak and splash,
Creeps homeward from his morning ride.

Here come the dealer's awkward string,
With neck in rope and tail in knot—
Rough colts with careless country swing,
In lazy walk or slouching trot.

—Wild filly from the mountain side,
Doomed to the close and chafing thills,
Lend me thy long, untiring stride
To seek with thee thy western hills.

I hear the whispering voice of Spring,
The thrush's thrill, the cat-bird's cry,
Like some poor bird with prisoned wing,
That sits and sings, but longs to fly.

Oh, for one spot of living green—
One little spot where leaves can grow—
To love unblamed, to walk unseen,
To dream above, to sleep below!

—*Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*

## *THE GREEK CHURCH.*

From The Eclectic Review.

THE eastern or Greek church has never been reformed. There has never been any such protest against her doctrine and discipline, her pretensions and practice, as that which convulsed the western church when Luther and his coadjutors arose. This comparative immunity from division or change is referred to by the members of the eastern church as a proof that she retains her original purity untouched; that her rites and ceremonies are those that belonged to the earliest Christian antiquity; and that, consequently, she has the strongest claim to be regarded as at once the oldest and the purest branch of the apostolical church, nay, the only true church of Christ.

Those who look at the Greek church from without her pale are disposed to interpret somewhat differently the fact of her never having been reformed. Instead of that proving purity, they look upon it rather as affording ground to conclude that deep corruption, and wide departure from apostolic simplicity, may be her character—that the incrustations of error accumulating for ages, and never removed, have gathered so thick, and so hide and obscure the sacred truth she professes, that she has lost her pristine beauty, and is shorn of her spiritual strength.

At any rate, we are convinced that, were the eastern branch of the church as well known as the western, the latter would not possess the equivocal honor that has long been assigned to her, of being the exclusive object of inspired prophecy, as the "mother of harlots and abominations of the earth"; or, if Rome be the mother, she may have both sisters and daughters.

We have said that the eastern church was never rent by such a division as that which convulsed and weakened the western in the sixteenth century. But there have been internal strifes, and partial disruptions in the Greco-Russian church, of which the effects remain to this day. Without going into any detailed history of such matters, we may refer to some of the events which at various periods disturbed the peace, and threatened the unity of the "orthodox" church.

The first serious disturbance took place at Novorogod in 1375, when one Karp Strigolnik began publicly to inveigh against the custom which then prevailed, which obliged every priest to pay a certain sum of money to his bishop in order to obtain ordination. He represented that custom as simony, and charged Christians to keep aloof from priests who had purchased their ordination. He attacked also the doctrine of confession to a priest as unnecessary; and his opinions soon gained many adherents. This produced in the streets of Novogorod a combat between the champions of the new doctrine and the old. The former were defeated, and Strigolnik himself, with the leaders of his party, were thrown from the bridge into the river and were drowned. The usual effect of persecution—the spread of the persecuted doctrine—followed. The floods could not drown the assertion of truth; and after the infliction of much suffering upon the Strigolniks and their descendants, their enemies could not destroy them; and to this day their doctrines may be traced among the present Raskolniks, or dissenters of the Russian church. Another remarkable sect arose during the latter part of the fifteenth century, in the same republic of Novogorod. Its real nature is obscure; but it seems to have been a modification of Judaism. This sect spread among the priests, and, as the initiated were bound to secrecy, the infection went on unsuspected and undiscovered. The outward conformity of these secret Jews to the Greek church was so strict that they got the reputation of great sanctity. The chief promoters of the sect were two priests, Dionysius and Alexis, one named Gabriel, and a layman of high rank. These men labored with so much effect, and rose so high in the favor of the grand duke, and gained followers of such distinction, that ere long one of their converts, Zozimus, was elevated in 1490 to the archbishopric of Moscow. "And thus," says Krasinski, from whose work on the "Religious History of the Slavonic Nations," we have chiefly gleaned these particulars, "a secret follower of Judaism became the head of the Russian church."

Passing over some minor divisions, we must not omit to state the commotion occasioned by the emendation of the Scriptures and devotional books, effected under the Tsar Alexius by the Patriarch Nicon. During the long period of the Mongol domination, the whole country, priests and people, fell into a state of great barbarity. The transcription of the sacred books was intrusted to ignorant copyists, and, of course, errors of all sorts had crept in, to the utter disfigurement of the text, and the obscuration of the sense. A Greek scholar, named Maximus, was employed to correct the sacred books, but, as might have been expected in so barbarous and ignorant an age, his labours were misunderstood, he was accused of corrupting, instead of amending, the text, and ended his days in a convent, which was made his prison—the earthly reward of his toil. The work, however, was not abandoned. The Patriarch Nicon assembled a council for the purpose at Moscow, in 1654, at which the Patriarch of Antioch, that of Servia, and fifty-six bishops were present. After much difficulty and delay, collation of manuscripts, and consultation with patriarchs and prelates, the text of the Scriptures, and of the liturgical books, was at last fixed, in conformity to the most ancient Slavonic manuscripts, and the books were printed. This important reform, though made under the highest sanction, was not unopposed, and soon were kindled the flames of actual warfare between the partizans of the old books and the new. The people caught the excitement, and with them it proceeded to the strangest extremes of fanaticism; and this fanaticism, excited by persecution, degenerated into the wildest acts of superstition. The doctrine that the secret means of obtaining salvation was a voluntary suicide, through means of what they called the baptism of fire, caused a great number of victims; numbers of people, it is said, of every age, and of both sexes, shut themselves up in houses, barns, &c., and having set them on fire, perished in the flames, reciting prayers and singing hymns.

It is supposed that the Raskolniks of the present day, in remote parts of the empire, still follow the rites of that atrocious superstition. At any rate, in Siberia, and other distant regions, the Raskolniks are numerous, their descendants having been exiled for their religion.

The established church of Russia has wisely pursued a conciliatory policy towards the dissenters. Their ministers are generally priests who have been ordained by the bishops of the orthodox faith, but who have left it. The government is now making efforts to reconcile these Raskolniks with the church, and has declared that the differences between them do not amount to heresy. They call themselves Starovertsi, or followers of the old faith, and are called officially Staroobradtsi, or followers of the old rites; but the government now calls them Yedinovertsi, or co-religionists. It is evident from what we have stated concerning these dissenters, and the same is true of other sects, that the points of difference on which they have separated from the dominant church are such as leave untouched the fundamental doctrines and practices of the body. There are other sects, such as the Skoptsi, or eunuchs, the Khlestovshchiki, or flagellants, the Malakanes, who use milk on fasting days, and the Duchobortsi, or wrestlers in spirit, whose peculiarities we cannot enlarge upon; but they are all now treated with a degree of toleration that preserves the peace of the church, and perhaps does more to keep down the fanaticism which distinguishes some of them than violent persecution could accomplish.—*Article: The Greek Church.*

ONE MAN'S MEAT IS ANOTHER MAN'S POISON.—The substance which nourishes one animal affords no nourishment for another, nor will any table of "nutritive equivalents," however precise, convince us that a substance ought to nourish in virtue of its composition, when experience tells us that it does not nourish, in virtue of some defective relation between it and the organism. That "one man's meat is another man's poison," is a proverb of strict veracity. There are persons, even in Europe, to whom a mutton chop would be poisonous. The celebrated case of Abbe de Villedieu is a rare, but not unparalleled example, of animal food being poisonous: from his earliest years his repugnance to it was so decided that neither the entreaties of his parents nor the menaces of his tutors could induce him to overcome it. After reaching the age of thirty, on a regimen of vegetable food, he was over-persuaded, and tried the effect of meat soups, which led to his eating both mutton and beef; but the change was fatal; plethora and sleepiness intervened, and he died of cerebral inflammation. In 1844 a French soldier was forced to quit the service because he could not overcome his violent repugnance and disgust towards animal food. Dr. Prout, whose testimony will be more convincing to English readers, knew a person on whom mutton acted as a poison: "He could not eat mutton in any form. The peculiarity was supposed to be owing to caprice, but the mutton was repeatedly disguised and given to him unknown; but uniformly with the same result of producing violent vomiting and diarrhœa. And from the severity of the effects, which were in fact those of a virulent poison, there can be little doubt that if the use of mutton had been persisted in, it would have soon destroyed the life of the individual." Dr. Pereira, who quotes this passage, adds, "I know of a gentleman who has repeatedly had an attack of indigestion after the use of roast mutton." Some persons, it is known, cannot take coffee without vomiting; others are thrown into a general inflammation if they eat cherries or gooseberries. Hahn relates of himself that seven or eight strawberries would produce convulsions in him. Tissot says he could never swallow sugar without vomiting. Many persons are unable to eat eggs; and cakes or puddings having eggs in their composition produce serious disturbances in such persons; if they are induced to eat them under false assurances of no eggs having been employed, they are soon undeceived by the unmistakable effects. Under less striking forms this difference in the assimilating power of different human beings is familiar to us all; we see our friends freely indulging, with benefit instead of harm, in kinds of food which, experience too painfully assures, we can eat with only certain injury. To this fact the attention of parents and guardians should seriously be given, that by it they may learn to avoid the petty tyranny and folly of insisting on children eating food for which they have a manifest repugnance. It is too common to treat the child's repugnance as mere caprice, to condemn it as "stuff and nonsense," when he refuses to eat fat or eggs, or certain vegetables, and "wholesome puddings." Now, even caprice in such matters should not be altogether slighted, especially when it takes the form of refusal; because this caprice is probably nothing less than the expression of a particular and temporary state of his organism, which we should do wrong to disregard. And whenever a refusal is constant, it indicates a positive unfitness in the food. Only a gross ignorance of physiology—an ignorance unhappily too widely spread—can argue that because a certain article is wholesome to many, it must necessarily be wholesome to all. Each individual organism is specifically different from every other.—*Blackwood.*

## AN OLD MAID'S RETROSPECTIONS.

I LOOK into the dreamy past, and see—what do I see?
They look like visions now, but *then*, how real were they to me!
I see my girlhood full of hope, my lover true and brave;
In fancy still I hear his vow, as a pledge of truth he gave.
It was a ring: he smiling said: "'Twill serve to guard the space
Upon thy finger, till I put another in its place."
That first love-gift, see, here it is—oh, what a slender band
Though tethered by a golden chain to this poor withered hand.

And as it was in that girlish time when I perchance might see
A youthful mother's glance of pride at the babe upon her knee,
I envied her that happiness, and oh, my heart beat wild
That I might one day be the matron mother of *his* child.
'Twas woman's nature in me spoke; but scarcely had the thought
Been formed, ere maiden pride and shame a mingled color brought:
Vain was the guiltless blush; for though these hopes of mine might seem
So near fulfilment then, alas, they proved indeed a dream.

Too poor to wed, my lover true left his own native strand,
Thinking to win a home for me in a far distant land.
Years passed: he wrote that silver threads were mingling with his hair.
They were in mine—those fruits from seed sown by the hand of Care.
*Now*, whiter than the snow-clad hill, or foam that crests the wave,
Are my thin locks; his weary head rests in a foreign grave.
Ay, maidens, you may sigh; God grant that happier be *your* lot;
For me, no power could make me wish this true-love dream forgot.

But after all my pains, my fears, my visions of the past,
One ever-present hope of mine will be fulfilled at last;
And I am happy, for I know my bridal draweth nigh—
At union, purer, holier far in realms beyond the sky.
In every dream by night and day I hear again *his* voice;
I fancy that he beckons me, and calls me to rejoice;
That, when my eyes to earth are closed, my truly-loved will be
The first by the Eternal sent to meet and welcome me.

—*Chambers's Journal.* RUTH BUCK.

SHELLEY AND THE YANKEE SAILOR.—The Americans are a social, free-and-easy people, accustomed to take their own way, and to readily yield the same privilege to all others, so that our coming on board, and examination of the vessel, fore and aft, were not considered an intrusion. The captain was on shore, so I talked to the mate, a smart specimen of a Yankee. When I commended her beauty, he said, "I do expect, now we have our new copper on, she has a look of the brass sarpent—she has as slick a run, and her bearings are just where they should be." I said we wished to build a boat after her model. "Then I calculate you must go to Baltimore or Boston to get one; there is no one on this side the water can do the job. We have our freight all ready, and are homeward-bound; we have elegant accommodations, and you will be across before your young friend's beard is ripe for a razor. Come down and take an observation of the state cabin." It was about seven and a half feet by five; "plenty of room to live or die comfortably in," he observed, and then pressed us to have a chaw of real old Virginia cake, *i. e.*, tobacco, and a cool drink of peach brandy. I seduced Shelley into drinking a wine glass of weak grog, the first and last he ever drank.

The Yankee would not let us go until we had drunk, under the star-spangled banner, to the memory of Washington and the prosperity of the American Commonwealth. "As a warrior and statesman," said Shelley, "he was righteous in all he did, unlike all who lived before or since; he never used his power but for the benefit of his fellow creatures—

"'He fought,
For truth and wisdom, foremost of the brave;
Him glory's idle glances dazzled not;
'Twas his ambition, generous and great,
A life to life's great end to consecrate.'"

"Stranger," said the Yankee, "truer words were never spoken; there is dry rot in all the main timbers of the Old World, and none of you will do any good till you are docked, refitted, and annexed to the New. You must log that song you sung; there ain't many Britishers that will say as much of the man that whipped them; so just set these lines down in the log, or it won't go for nothing." Shelley wrote some verses in the book, but not those he had quoted; and so we parted.—*Trelawney's Recollections.*

THE BIRTHPLACE OF WASHINGTON.—It is perhaps known to most of our readers that, in the year 1856, Col. Lewis W. Washington presented to the State of Virginia, on certain conditions, the ground comprising the birthplace of George Washington and the graves of the Washington family, on the Wakefield estate in the County of Westmoreland, Va. This estate was sold in 1813, by Col. George C. Washington (who derived it from his father, William Augustine Washington), to John Gray, of Stafford County, reserving sixty feet square of the ground around the birthplace, and twenty feet square around the vault. Col. Lewis W. Washington (son and heir-at-law of Col. George C. Washington) presented these reservations "to the mother State of Virginia, in perpetuity, on condition solely that the State require the said places to be permanently enclosed with an iron fence based on stone foundations, together with suitable and modest (though substantial) tablets, to commemorate to the rising generation these notable spots." Gov. Wise accepted the donation, and addressed a message to the Legislature, asking an appropriation to comply with the conditions, which request, after some delay, was granted, and the sum of $5,000 appropriated for the purposes mentioned.

In fulfilment of the objects for which the appropriation was made, Governor Wise visited the County of Westmoreland on the 27th ultimo, for the purpose of surveying the ground on which it is proposed to erect this memorial to the Pater Patriæ. The "birthplace" is now marked by the debris of a crumbling chimney, and is overgrown by a thicket of fig-trees, among which lies a marble tablet, now broken in three pieces, and bearing the inscription, "Here, on the 11th of February, 1732, George Washington was born." This slab was placed there in June, 1815, by G. W. P. Custis. About a mile from this spot lies the burial ground and vault in which are interred the remains of the father, grandfather and great grandfather of Washington. We learn that it is proposed suitably to enclose these consecrated localities, and to attach to them a "porter's lodge," in which shall be installed a custodian of the grounds, as well as guide for the visitors who may make a pilgrimage to this Mecca of American patriotism.—*National Intelligencer.*

SHAKSPEARE'S HOUSE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—The "Birth-place Committee" are putting down the munificent gift of £2,500 from Mr. John Shakspeare to use, by proceeding to the proposed renovation or isolation of the house in which the poet was born. The committee have, we are informed, entered into contracts for the restoration of a certain portion of the house to the state in which it was supposed to be when Shakspeare drew his first breath in it, and a portion of the work may be said now to be satisfactorily completed. The house being temporarily fenced, after a rural fashion, pending the planting of the hedge of yew with which it is intended to surround it, is so far safe from fire, and other chances of accident. A handsome and appropriate pavement is being put down before the house.


# Advertisements.

THE REAL "UNCLE TOM."

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION!

FATHER HENSON'S STORY OF HIS OWN LIFE.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION,

BY

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

An extraordinary story of an extraordinary man. His early and his later life—his trials, his sufferings, his stripes, his wonderful escapes, and his present position. Reader, would you know what American Slavery is, purchase and read this book, more thrilling than a romance, more startling in its details than any work of fiction, and yet a true history of one coloured man's experience, and that man THE ONE FROM INCIDENTS IN WHOSE LIFE MRS. STOWE DREW SOME OF THE MOST INTENSELY INTERESTING AND THRILLING SCENES IN HER WORLD-RENOWNED STORY OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

WE SHALL PUBLISH THIS

REMARKABLE BOOK

About the middle of May. The First Edition will consist of

5,000 COPIES.

Those expecting to be supplied from this edition, will please forward their order at an early day. We can employ

1,000 TRAVELLING AGENTS, MEN AND WOMEN,

and at such a discount from the retail price as will make the business profitable to them.

The book will be an elegantly printed 12mo volume, with a fine steel Portrait of

FATHER HENSON,

*Taken in his 68th year.*

PRICE AT RETAIL, 75 CENTS.

JOHN P. JEWETT & CO., Publishers,
20 Washington street, Boston,
4t—M15 To whom all orders must be addressed.

ANTI-SLAVERY PUBLICATIONS.

The following works on Slavery are for sale at this Office. The price of each, as well as that for which it will be forwarded by mail, is given below:

| | Price. | By mail. |
|---|---|---|
| Autobiography of a Female Slave, | $1 00 | 1 20 |
| Abolitionism Exposed and Corrected, | 15 | 17 |
| Address to the Presbyterians of Kentucky, | 3 | 4 |
| Address of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, August 1, 1854, | 10 | 10 |
| Address of Theodore Parker, State House, | 17 | 18 |
| A Collection of Valuable Documents, | 15 | 16 |
| American Chattelized Humanity. By Jona. Walker, | 10 | 10 |
| Anti-Slavery Alphabet, | 8 | 8 |
| Appeal to the Women of the Nominally Free States. By Angelina G. Weld, | 15 | 17 |
| Argument of Wendell Phillips for Removing Judge Loring, | 10 | 10 |
| Argument of Edward Livingston Against Capital Punishment, | 15 | 17 |
| A Review of the Causes and Consequences of the Mexican War. By Judge Jay, | 27 | 40 |
| A History of the Mexican War. By Loring Moody, | 20 | 23 |
| Authentic Anecdotes of American Slavery. By L. Maria Child, | 3 | 4 |
| Brotherhood of Thieves. By S. S. Foster, | 15 | 17 |
| Branded Hand. By Jona. Walker, | 25 | 25 |
| Channing's Letter to Abolitionists, | 10 | 12 |
| Considerations Addressed to the Laity of the P. E. Church. By a Layman, | 8 | 10 |
| Cousin Ann's Stories for Children, | 8 | 10 |
| Derby Lecture. By Wm. H. Furness, | 8 | 10 |
| Despotism in America. By R. Hildreth (unbound), | 50 | 55 |
| Eulogy on Thos. Clarkson. By Prof. C. L. Reason, | 15 | 17 |
| Facts in the Life of Gen. Taylor, | 20 | 23 |
| History of the Struggle for Slavery Extension. By Horace Greeley, | 20 | 28 |
| Life of Isaac T. Hopper. By L. Maria Child, | 1 00 | 1 18 |
| Legion of Liberty, | 50 | 63 |
| Liberty Bell for 1856, | 1 00 | 1 18 |
| Mason Hodges (for children), | 10 | 10 |
| Manifest Destiny of the American Union, | 10 | 10 |
| Proceedings of Woman's Rights Convention, 1856, | 25 | 28 |
| Pinda—a True Tale. By Maria Weston Chapman, | 10 | 10 |
| Proceedings of the American Anti-Slavery Society, Second Decade Celebration, | 20 | 20 |
| Parker's Defence in the Burns Slave Case, | 1 00 | 1 15 |
| Proceedings of Worcester Disunion Convention, | 20 | 23 |
| Review of Webster. By Theodore Parker, | 10 | 10 |
| Review of Webster. By Wendell Phillips, | 10 | 10 |
| Report of the Anti-Slavery Bazaar, 1858, | 6 | 7 |
| Report of the American Anti-Slavery Society, 1856, | 25 | 25 |
| Stroud's Sketch of Slave Laws, | 15 | 22 |
| Sketches of Places and People Abroad. By William Wells Brown, | 75 | 98 |
| The United States Constitution a Pro-Slavery Document. Compiled from the Madison Papers, &c., &c. By Wendell Phillips, | 40 | 50 |
| The same (paper covers), | 30 | 36 |
| Wendell Phillips's Review of Spooner, | 15 | 18 |

Persons wishing to order any of the above publications by mail, should enclose the price, including postage, in a letter addressed to the American Anti-Slavery Society, 138 Nassau street, New York.

THEODORE PARKER'S SERMONS.

1. True and False Theology.
2. A True and False Revival of Religion.
3. The Revival of Religion which we Need.

Just received and for sale at 8 cts. per single copy, or $6 per hundred, by S. T. MUNSON,
General Agent, 5 Great Jones street, N. Y.,
Two doors East of Broadway and nearly opposite the Lafarge House.

N. B.—S. T. M. is also Agent for all Spiritual and Reform publications.

# Philadelphia Advertisements.

BOARDING HOUSE.—Respectable persons can be accomodated with genteel boarding, transient or permanent, by applying to the subscriber, No. 832 South street, below Ninth, Philadelphia. WILLIAM STILL.

CARRIAGE REPOSITORY.—The subscriber informs the public that he has opened his new Carriage Repository, No. 156 Race street, below Fifth, where he intends to keep an assortment of new and second hand Carriages for sale or exchange, or to hire. Carriages made to order on moderate terms. Carriages sold on commission. Carriages neatly repaired. GEO. DODD, Philadelphia.

PRIZE MEDAL awarded in London, in 1851, for his superiority over all others in the manufacture of Travelling Trunks, Carpet Bags, Valices, Gum Shoes, Coaches Hobby-Horses, and sole leather, steel spring, iron frame, iron-bound Trunks of all descriptions, of the best materials and workmanship. Black Leather Enamelled Bags, at the lowest prices.
THOS. W. MATTSON, Trunk Manufacturer,
130 Market street, S. W. cor. 4th, Philadelphia.

KENDERDINE & JUSTICE, Importers and Dealers in Foreign and Domestic HARDWARE, S. W. corner Spring Garden and Seventh streets, Phila. Constantly on hand a general assortment of Hardware, Cutlery &c., at the lowest cash prices, wholesale or retail. Particular attention paid to furnishing Hard ware for buildings.
JOSEPH R. KENDERDINE, | WARNER JUSTICE.

CONFECTIONERY—REMOVAL.—Leatitia Bullock, respectfully informs her friends and the public that she has removed to No. 152 North Sixth street, below Race, opposite the old stand, where she is prepared to furnish Ice Creams, Water Ices, Jellies, Cakes, Candies, &c., of every description and of the best materials, all the produce of Free Labour, and warranted to give entire satisfaction. Parties and families furnished at shortest notice. Orders sent to any part of the city.

A LARGE assortment of SALAMANDER SAFES, of various sizes, always on hand, at No. 26 South Fourth street, Philadelphia. Warranted equal to any made in the United States. EVANS & WATSON, thankful for past favours, respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. Please give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Patent slate-lined Refrigerators, Water Filters, &c. A large assortment always on hand.

N. B. Sole Agency for Butterworth's celebrated Bank Vault and Door Locks. These locks bid defiance to all lockpicks, Hobbs included.

Equality to all! Uniformity of Prices! A new feature in Business. Every one his own Salesman.

JONES & Co., of the Cresent One Price Clothing Store, No. 200 Market street, above 6th, in addition to having the largest, most varied and fashionable stock of Clothing in Philadelphia, made expressly for retail sales, have constituted every one his own salesman, by having marked in figures, on each article, the very lowest price it can be sold for, so they cannot possibly vary—all *must* buy alike. The goods are all well sponged and prepared, and great pains taken with the making, so that all can buy with the full assurance of getting a good article at the very lowest price.
Remember the CRESCENT, in Market, above 6th, No. 200, Phila.
JONES & CO.

SIGN of the MAMMOTH PEN, No. 52 N. Fourth street (2d door below Arch), Phila., wholesale and retail Stationery Blank Books, &c., which we will sell lower than the usual prices; English, French and American Cap, Letter and Note Papers, Envelopes, Sealing Wax, plain and fancy Wafers of every description, very superior Gold and Steel Pens, Ink and Inkstands, Sand Boxes, Wafer Cups, Paper Weights, plain and fancy Pen-holders, Drawing Pencils and Books, Bristol Board, Tracing Paper, Impression Paper, Tissue Paper, &c. Visiting and Wedding Cards engraved or written to order. Portmonnaies, Pocket Books, Portfolios, Card Cases, Bankers' Cases iaries, &c. All kinds of Blank Books, Drafts, Deed, Mortgages, &c Dodgers', Wolstenholm's and other Cutlery. Good self-sealing Enrlopes, 10 cents per 100 and 90 cents per thousand. Phila.
J. W. CLOTHIER & CO., Fourth st., below Arch.